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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1900.

The Week.

President McKinley's interpretation of the election in his speech to the Union League Club of Philadelphia on Saturday was thoroughly characteristic. He threw the sop of "generous acknowledgment" to the Sound-Money Democrats who had again voted for him, in forgiveness of his treatment of them in 1897, and to imaginary Independents who had returned to the party "to stay," and then discovered a popular approval of every act of his Administration in the past, and mandate for every act in contemplation—"industrial independence," *alias* the tariff in principle and in its present form; "peace and beneficent government under American sovereignty in the Philippines," neither a paramount nor a real issue in the canvass, according to the ante-election McKinley. He left it to his lieutenant, Senator Lodge, to say bluntly that "the people have voted to maintain the protection system, and to have that same policy extended to the upbuilding of our merchant marine." Of course they have; they always allow their Hannas and McKinleys to select the issue, on the understanding that success at the polls means general condonation and *carte blanche*. The platitudes in which our chief magistrate wrapped up his little-joker lesson were worthy of his reputation in that line.

Congressman Burton of Ohio, Chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, is quoted in an interview as saying the right thing about the Ship-Subsidy Bill. Nearly all the men in authority who have been interviewed on the subject since the election have "hemmed and hawed" over it, saying that they believe a subsidy bill would pass at this session, but that the pending bill might need some further amendment. Mr. Burton, however, is quoted as saying that the principle itself is wrong, and that he cannot support it in any form. It must be surprising to Senator Hanna that the representative of the Cleveland district should set himself up to have an opinion of his own on this question. Mr. Burton is quoted also as saying that he considers it doubtful whether any subsidy bill can be passed at the coming session, and that in any event it will not be the bill already reported. On the other hand, Gen. Grosvenor is alleged to have said that the pending bill will be passed by a good majority early in the session; but Gen. Grosvenor has been a false prophet on this subject on former occasions. There is no reason to suppose that he is better informed now than he was when he assumed that the Committee on Platform in the Philadelphia Convention would report the particular resolution that he sent to it with the seal of his approval. He was in quite a stuttering state when he found how it had been "Quigged" in the committee room. It is important, however, if any subsidy legislation is to be passed, that it should be done quickly. The business of our merchant marine is growing so rapidly, and our ship-yards are so crowded with work, that if the bill should be postponed a year, even its present advocates would acknowledge that there was no need for it.

That *Figaro* interview with McKinley, of which we had some account by cable some twelve days ago, has now arrived by mail, and we do not see why its authenticity should have been so confidently denied. It is signed by Étienne Richet, who describes himself as a returned Alaskan traveller, and explains how he secured an introduction to the President by the French Ambassador at Washington. All this seems regular enough. Highly probable, too, appears his version of Mr. McKinley's conversation. It reveals a mélange of the noblest sentiments and questionable deeds. That, surely, is lifelike. It is only what we have had in messages and speeches for four years. "War," says the President McKinley of the *Figaro* interview, "is the most horrible of scourges." We know well that Joseph Surfaceism. "I pleaded the cause of peace in the bosom of my Cabinet. Several of my Secretaries felt as I did. But we had to yield to Congress." What is there in that to arouse suspicion? It is exactly what happened, according to the best testimony available. The editor of *Figaro*, indeed, not having the advantage of an American reading public, thought that all this about having to yield to Congress might seem a little too steep to Frenchmen, and so he added the footnote: "It is a fact that Mr. McKinley has always been the slave of Congress (On sait que M. MacKinley fut toujours l'esclave du Congrès)." In this country we need no such explanation. To us, M. Richet appears to be a very Truthful James in his care to "state but the fact."

A cablegram from Manila reports trouble with the double standard of value, and lapse into mediævalism in consequence of it. It seems that the Philippine Commission has put an export duty of 10 per cent. on silver money in order to keep down the value of the Mexican dollar to one-half the value of the gold dollar, that ratio having been established by Gen. MacArthur. The value of silver has been rising lately, and the value of the Mexican dollar, which is the prevailing currency of the islands, rose necessarily to an exact correspondence with its weight. At the MacArthur ratio the Mexican dollar was worth more for exportation to China than for circulation in Manila, and it began to flow out of the country. So the Commission, on the motion of Mr. H. C. Ide, who is a member, adopted this tax, which it was thought would be prohibitory. The Commission followed the sapient example of the governments of the sixteenth century when they found themselves pestered by exportations of one or other of the precious metals in consequence of changes in the market ratios. There is no instance recorded in history where these edicts had the intended effect, or any effect at all except to expose the stupidity of their authors. If the Mexican dollar is worth more than a gold half-dollar in China it will be worth more in Manila, and no decree of the Philippine Commission can make it worth less. If the decree can be actually enforced (which is much to be doubted), it will cause a decline in the prices of the exportable commodities of the islands. The exportation of dollars rather than goods under natural conditions takes place because the Chinese merchant who imports them prefers them to the goods. He will take the goods only if they are offered at a lower price.

The real justification for the sanguinary onslaughts which the forces of civilization are now making on people of dark skins is beginning to be discovered. "Duty" has grown rather shamefaced, "Destiny" is getting worn out, and "Benevolent Assimilation" has come to provoke derision. But there is something back of all these, and, curiously enough, Gen. MacArthur and Gen. von Gossler, the German Minister of War, simultaneously disclose it. Gen. MacArthur suggests that the Aryan races have been seized with a fit of homesickness, and are obeying the mandate of the mysterious "homing" instinct in seeking to reinstate themselves in their ancestral abodes. Gen. von Gossler declared in the Reichstag that what the German troops were now doing in China was "merely retaliation for what the Huns did to us for centuries." This explains why the desecration of the tombs of dead Chinese is regarded by some virtuous Americans as an appropriate retribution for the recent massacres of our missionaries. Very probably the occupants of these tombs, if they did not participate in the ravages of the Huns, at

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least approved of them, or would have approved of them if they had known that they were taking place. According to this view of justice, all the incursions from which Europe has suffered are now to be avenged on the present inhabitants of China. Even the Troglodytes must have some claim to indemnity, and if their grievances can be discovered and the proper claimants be ascertained, justice may at last be done them. We observe no indications that the Aryan races mean to relinquish their present abodes when they reoccupy those of their Asiatic progenitors; and as there is no vacant continent to which the inhabitants of Asia can betake themselves, the policy of killing them seems to be quite as merciful as it is just.

The Chinese Minister occupies a delicate position in this country. The situation is almost unparalleled, for, while hostilities have undeniably taken place between the armies of China and the United States, pacific relations have been, superficially at least, maintained between the two Governments. War has existed de facto, and in one sense de jure, but the conditions have been so peculiar that its existence has not been diplomatically recognized. Hence the Chinese Minister was not recalled or dismissed, and it is simple justice to say that his conduct has been not only irreproachable, but in the highest degree praiseworthy. He would have been entirely justified in keeping silence and avoiding publicity; but the character of his utterances is such as to fully justify his speaking. The address which he delivered at Philadelphia contains as good an account of the Chinese situation as has anywhere appeared, and his explanation of the causes which brought on the outbreak brings us probably as near the truth as we shall ever get. We can but admire the judicial impartiality and lucid reasoning with which this representative of a people whom we call barbarous states their case. He does not defend the savage excesses of the Boxers, but he shows that these excesses were not unprovoked, and indirectly suggests how their repetition may be prevented. Matthew Arnold once commented on the "modern" style in which Thucydides wrote history, meaning that he displayed calmness and rationality. Whether we can now regard this as a modern trait or no, Minister Wu certainly displays it.

Fifty years ago the representative of a people defeated in the struggle for independence and exiled from his country was brought to our shores in one of our war-ships, and received a magnificent ovation, not only from our people, but also from our Government. Times have changed since Kossuth's day, and our Administration journals comment on the enthusiastic reception of Kruger at Marseilles with marked restraint. We have contracted some "entangling alliances" which would make it highly inexpedient for the Administration to extend any courtesies to this fugitive, and his appearance in the halls of Congress would be very embarrassing. Being at present engaged in forcing our own sovereignty on an unwilling people, we need to be very guarded in expressing sympathy with those who are resisting similar proceedings, even in the name of republican government. Possibly Aguinaldo may somewhere attempt to pose in the character of a patriot, and occasion awkward and invidious comparisons. As for the acclamation of the French populace, they must be regarded as mere expressions of hatred of England, or as the frothy effervescence of a volatile people at the sounding names of liberty and independence. Under different circumstances Kruger might receive an enthusiastic welcome if he were to visit our country; but until the subjugation of the Filipinos has been completed, we shall not be in position to use the language which would be appropriate on such an occasion.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, writing from Johannesburg, makes a suggestion which deserves the attention of Imperialists. His proposal is to form a company to acquire the farms from which the Boers in the Orange Free State and the Transvaal Republic have been driven, and dispose of them to English buyers. The terms, it is claimed, could be so fixed that "the company would have no risk," while the price paid would be a mere trifle. This ingenuous Expansionist reasons as follows:

> "There will be hundreds of farms in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal that will have to go into the market when peace is proclaimed. Prisoners of war on their return will find, in nine cases out of ten, that their homesteads have been burned down, and scarcely a head of stock left in the country, and as they will be unable—even if they had the means—to purchase a single head of cattle, by reason that there are none, their only method of raising money for bare subsistence, to say nothing of payment of interest on their bonds—for nearly every property in this country is mortgaged—will be the sale of their farms; unless, indeed, the demon of conciliation enters into the soul of the British Government and drives them to tax the Briton to provide means for setting the Boer on his legs again."

It would appear from this that the British forces have been engaged in burning the homes of the Boer prisoners whom they hold in Ceylon and St. Helena, and who will be too destitute when released to be able to recover their property. The scheme is apparently quite feasible, for current events in various parts of the world indicate that the "demon of conciliation" has been thoroughly exorcised. In fact, the proposals of the European Powers in China are quite akin to this plan, and can be carried out perhaps with even greater ease. Dead Chinamen will make less trouble than living Boers, in spite of their captivity, and the protests of the survivors will receive little consideration when the cause of empire is involved.

"Death in the Flames" is the heading, in flame-colored type two inches high, on the first page of the Denver *Times*, which reports the burning of Preston Porter by a mob at Lake Station, Colorado. Beneath the caption, and extending nearly across the page, is a picture of the burning. Porter is shown in the midst of a roaring fire, bound with chains to a stake, screaming with agony, his arms extended towards heaven, the mob surrounding him, some of them bringing more fuel and others enjoying the spectacle of the horrible torture. A graphic description, in the letterpress, accompanies the pictorial representation of the scene. The hell which Milton imagined contained nothing more hideous. What kind of schooling the youth of Colorado are receiving at the hands of their elders and through the medium of their newspapers we can only faintly conjecture, but unless the perpetrators of this awful crime are brought to justice, Colorado will be moving towards anarchy more swiftly than when she elected Davis H. Waite as her Governor. Waite only talked about wading in blood to the horses' bridles. He didn't mean anything by it. He was only a Populist, indulging in harmless rhodomontade, and it can be said of the Populists that their bark is always worse than their bite. Gov. Waite may have disgraced Colorado, but he never endangered it as it is endangered by this horrid act.

Gov. Roosevelt has made short work of the New York *World's* petition for the removal of Mayor Van Wyck for alleged violation of law in connection with the so-called Ice Trust. This action was begun as an advertising dodge to sell newspapers. The Attorney-General of the State advised the Governor that no proofs were advanced to sustain the charges, and that as the Mayor acquired his interest in the Ice Company before the latter had any dealings with the city government, there had been no infraction of law. This fact disposed of the case, and the matter might have been dropped at that point, but the Governor improved the occasion to make some very sound observations on the impropriety of removing elective officers on trivial charges. The only power fit to remove the Mayor of New York, unless he has been guilty of a penitentiary offence, is the power that elected him. The people deliberately chose him, and they must and ought to have him for their chief officer and representative to the end of his term. Then

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they can get rid of him in the proper way.

Bishop Potter is again entitled to the thanks of the community for his forceful sermon at St. Paul's on Friday on "God and the City." His call for 25,000 vigilance committeemen should not only meet with prompt response, but should also bring to his side others of his own calling. There never was a plainer issue between right and wrong than is presented in this fight with the legions of evil, and the clergy of the city cannot afford to take less than a leading part in the struggle. The renaissance of the influential Manhattan Club and the numerous quiet meetings of Gold Democrats bent on purging the city of Crokerism are additional and encouraging signs of the growth of the uprising against Tammany. There can be no doubt that the forces of righteousness are in a great majority in this city, and that a union of all those opposed to the plundering and debauching of the city is the one essential to the overthrow of its present rulers. Senator Platt, it must not be forgotten, is now the chief danger to the consummation of this union, but even his successful turning over of the city to Croker in 1897 would not have been possible had not one hundred thousand citizens, at his behest, placed party loyalty above the community's welfare.

It is regrettable that the idea of segregating the social evil has entered into the present discussion of the best means of ridding the city of the vice which so openly flaunts itself, with police sanction, upon our streets. That Tammany should be in favor of this is not surprising, for it would simplify the question of tribute and in a way lend official sanction both to the evil resorts and to the present system of plunder. That an Episcopal rector of standing should favor such a project—certain to develop into official regulation in the long run—is nothing less than astonishing. The city might as well set aside one district for burglars and another for highway robbers to ply their trade in undisturbed, for they, too, will be with us as long as human nature remains unchanged, and they, too, are outlawed. What the present situation calls for is not a discussion of the best methods of dealing with the evil to be attacked, but the ending of the unholy and indefensible alliance of the police and the lawbreakers, by which the latter flourish and grow apace. Thanks to it, the police force has truly become an institution for the propagation and widespread scattering of vice, instead of a body for its suppression and punishment.

Residents of Chicago are taking their taxation more seriously this year than ever before, and have been sending delegations of business men to Springfield to reason with the State Board of Equalization. It appears from the assessment returns that there is $118,000,000 less taxable property in the city this year than there was last. The explanation is simple. Under a new revenue law, the first "generally honest assessment of property in thirty years" was effected last year. The law encouraged honesty by providing that the tax rate should not exceed 5 per cent. on an assessed valuation equal to one-fifth of the full valuation—that is to say, an equivalent of 1 per cent. on the full valuation. Under this assurance the assessed valuation of property in Chicago more than doubled, rising from $180,041,154 in 1898 to $378,828,291 in 1899. At this point, however, the Supreme Court came in to interfere with honesty, by nullifying the provision of the law limiting the rate of taxation, so that the assessors of Cook County "found themselves in the galling and intolerable position of having secured an honest assessment by a false representation." As a remedy, the County Board of Review proceeded to bring down the valuation this year to $260,564,522. The experience of the world, it is said in defence of this scaling down, demonstrates that "there can never be an honest and equal assessment of property so long as it is possible to levy a tax rate of over 1⅛ or 1¼ per cent." Honesty draws the line at that point, and when the rate is forced higher, property begins to disappear. This, we submit, is a somewhat novel theory of finance. While undervaluation of property for assessment of taxes is not by any means a practice peculiar to Chicago, it has perhaps been carried to greater lengths there than elsewhere. The motive underlying the practice is, of course, to dodge State taxes, but the game is so simple that more than one can play at it, and when the practice becomes general throughout a whole community, as in Illinois, there ceases to be any advantage in it for anybody. Whether or not the city of Chicago pays its just proportion of State taxes, there is something childish and highly absurd in the fictitious valuation of property for assessment purposes.

A few years ago the report that the Board of Visitors of the Andover Theological Seminary had abolished the quinquennial subscription to the creed of the founders would have raised a storm of protest. Now it is likely to pass with little comment. The embers of the former controversy are too cold to be blown into flame, and the death of the mainstay of the old order, Professor Park, affords a favorable opportunity for recognizing changes that have undeniably taken place. The trustees of the seminary, in their application to the Visitors, point out that the creed is written in ancient phraseology, and that misinterpretations of it have been made by the public in recent years, in view of which they doubt if its public reading and subscription express the true intent of the founders. The truth is that the creed itself is obsolete. The trouble is not with its ancient phraseology, but with its antiquated conceptions; not with its misinterpretations, but with its correct interpretations. It asserts beliefs which hardly any one now pretends to hold, and which this generation finds it hard to believe that any one could have ever held. In these circumstances, it had become as impracticable to secure competent professors willing to subscribe as it would be to find professors of astronomy willing to declare their acceptance of the Ptolemaic system. The Board of Visitors has been discreet enough to decide that the requirement of subscription was "directory" merely, and could be dispensed with in the case of a professor who had approved himself a man "of sound and orthodox principles in divinity." The "Andover controversy" expired some years ago, and this action simply provides for its decent interment.

While the effect of the Ibero-American Congress at Madrid has been chiefly to quicken the sense of unity of race in the delegates, at least one very practical end was attained, namely, the voting of a plan of compulsory arbitration by the South American republics. The motion was introduced by Peru, which has the most to gain by arbitration. Chili's was the sole dissenting voice. This recalls the fact that Chili consented to take part in the approaching Pan-American Congress at the City of Mexico, only on condition that any arbitration there provided for should not concern her own disputed boundaries. Now if arbitration is anywhere needed in South America, it is precisely on the question of the Chilian boundary. It will be remembered that the Peace of Ancon deprived Bolivia of her entire seacoast to the advantage of Chili—a harsh and oppressive measure; also that Chili holds from Peru the provinces of Tacna and Arica, subject to the final decision of a plébiscite, which has never been taken and apparently never will be, while for years the question of the Argentine boundary has been a source of irritation between the two powerful republics. Here is obviously matter for arbitration, one would say. Not so Chili. Confident that it is her part to shed the blessings of her civilization over an expanding territory, she waves aside any proposal to reason together, and, first of Southern republics, imposes on her people compulsory military service. All we want is *la paz* (peace), protested a Chilian delegate at a former Pan-American Congress. We suspected you wanted La Paz (the capital of Bolivia), was the retort.

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RESTORATION OF AN OPPOSITION.

The question of reorganizing the Democratic party is now under discussion in the press and otherwise, and is naturally exciting much interest in both political parties, and perhaps even more among Independents. The *Evening Post* published on Thursday an important interview with ex-Secretary Carlisle on this subject, which is entitled to great weight, both from its contents and from the authority of the speaker. Mr. Carlisle, having held the highest offices in the gift of his party short of the Presidency, and having definitively retired from politics, can always command public attention for anything he may say.

It is his opinion that whether the party is to be reorganized or not depends almost wholly on the Southern membership. They gave all the electoral votes that Mr. Bryan received except those of four small Rocky Mountain States which have large silver-mining interests. Yet the South itself has no such interests. Her interests are those which she holds in common with the North. They embrace, says Mr. Carlisle, "the maintenance of a sound and stable currency, the preservation of law and order, and the independence and authority of the judiciary." Reorganization, in his opinion, means the return of the party to these principles. The rest will follow naturally, and it makes no difference whether the conservative movement begins in the South or in the North. In this he is quite right. There is one reason, however, for its beginning in the South, apart from the fact that the South furnishes all but a mere fraction of the Democratic party's electoral votes. It is that the South contains nearly all the party leaders who have not been either ruled out for irregularity, or lost sight of by long exclusion from office. In the former category are those who opposed Mr. Bryan in one or both of the campaigns in which he was the party's nominee. In the latter is a long list of able men in the North who have been gradually forgotten through retirement from public life, either enforced or voluntary. The South has plenty of men who are qualified to take the initiative in such a step—men who are now Congressmen, or Governors of States, or leading journalists, or otherwise in the forefront of political life, and who have sufficient following to give them confidence in taking any step that commends itself to their judgment.

It is an instructive coincidence that a triumphant Conservative party in England should be deploring the weakness of its Liberal opponents, at the very moment that a victorious Republican party in the United States is hoping that the Democrats will somehow pull themselves together and constitute an effective opposition party. At first sight this seems too altruistically good to be true. The object of parties being to win political power, one would think that the feebleness of an antagonist would be a cause of rejoicing instead of dismay. The weaker and more divided your rivals, the easier and more secure your accession to power. Why should the Tories urge the Liberals to take up Rosebery, or some other hopeful leader, and make a better fight of it? Do they want to be beaten next time? The Republicans say they hope the Democracy will be able to rid itself of the fatal burden of Bryanism. Why so, if Bryanism spells defeat? Why not resort to every trick in order to induce the Democrats to make Bryan their perpetual candidate, and so go to perpetual disaster?

We may be sure that it is not political unselfishness which dictates this attitude in either England or this country. It is, rather, enlightened selfishness that leads the party in power to desire a strong party in Opposition. We will not stop now to consider the patriotic motive. On broad grounds of the good of the nation it is, of course, a misfortune, under a system of party government, when one party becomes so imbecile or dangerous that it cannot seriously be thought of as an alternative to the other. We do not doubt that many Republicans put the matter in this large way; but more of them face the question on sheer partisan grounds. They see, somewhat vaguely perhaps, yet with a sure and sound instinct, that it is a good thing for their own party to have the other fit to take the field; and so, purely as good Republicans, they would like to see the Democrats in better fighting trim.

The real reason they may never state to themselves clearly; but a little reflection will show why it is that it is well for the party in power, as it is for the country at large, to have a strong Opposition. Parties, like men, have to distrust their own virtue. Party nature, like human nature, is prone to do evil. It needs to keep itself under restraint. Confronting pleasant vices, it needs to have before its gaze their sure penalties. Now an alert and vigorous opposition party is like law and policeman and prison to warn the party in power of the certain end of the political transgressor. Remove all fear of punishment, and the impetus of partisan feeling, the plotting of bosses, the ravaging of the spoilsman and the corruptionist, will have fearfully free swing. The party will soon cease to be astonished at its own moderation, for it will have none at all. Old standards and landmarks will be swept away, and an acceleration of folly will mark the course and policy of the leaders. The thing will go on until even the evil Opposition appears the lesser evil. This it is which thoughtful Republicans fear for their own party unless it is sobered and made cautious by the revival of a respectable and trustworthy Democracy.

There is more in it than this. The practical ongoing, as well as the life and morality of a party, depends very much on the vigor and intelligence of the Opposition. If a Ministry, if a party caucus, knows that it has a "fine brute majority" to apply to the passage of any given measure, and that the opposing party is too spiritless to make a good fight, and too much distrusted to gain the confidence of the country, no matter what it may do, the natural result is to make legislation shiftless and ill-considered. Bills are too little studied before they are introduced; are too languidly debated; flounder on their way to enactment all askew, and often have to be withdrawn in confusion on the tardy discovery that they are big with mischief to the party. We had vivid illustrations of this evil in the last Congress. The Shipping-Subsidy Bill, the Philippine resolutions, the Nicaragua Canal Bill, were all loosely drawn, badly defended, radically amended, finally buffeted about, and either recalled entirely or left hanging between heaven and earth. Their failure was the failure, in so far, of the Republican party—a proof of its ineptitude in public business. It is safe to say that no such slipshod and humiliating attempts to legislate would have been made had the Republican leaders been confronted by an able and eager and united Democracy.

Congressman Catchings of Mississippi has clearly and sensibly indicated the lines along which the Democratic party must move if it is to bring about a restoration of an American Opposition. The fads and freaks with which the party has been burdened for seven years past must be flung overboard, he says, and Democrats found who are able and willing to step forward and defend correct principles of taxation and the true nature of republican government. The real battles of the next few years will certainly be fought in connection with these questions, and the sooner the Democracy finds men competent to lead it there, the sooner will it be ready to discharge the historical function of an opposition party, and, ultimately, to assume power, after having deserved and won it.

THE NEW GOLD STANDARD ACT.

The President of the Chamber of Commerce performed an agreeable duty last week when he presented to Mr. H. H. Hanna of Indianapolis a medal expressing the appreciation which the chief commercial body of this city feels for his services in behalf of true financial principles and legislation. Mr. Hanna's work has been described so often in our columns that a recurrence to it would be superfluous. It may be

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interesting, however, to note the great change that has come over the country since the Indianapolis movement took its start in November, 1896. The Presidential campaign of that year had just ended. The Republican party had been brought with fear and trembling to the acceptance of the single gold standard, modified and diluted with the hope of international bimetallism. It had won its victory on that issue, but the popular majority was not large, being a trifle more than 600,000 votes in a total of nearly 14,000,000. The Republican politicians were strongly inclined to "let well alone"—that is, to do nothing to secure the substantial fruits of victory by new legislation. A concession was made to the defeated silverites by sending another futile commission to Europe to talk up bimetallism, but in political circles no steps were thought of to strengthen the gold standard, although that had been the real issue of the campaign.

At this point the Indianapolis Convention put a spur in the side of Congress, and compelled the politicians to do their duty, or rather a part of their duty, for they have not done the whole of it yet. The contrast between the recent Presidential campaign and that of 1896 lies in the fact that, whereas it was extremely difficult to make the Republicans face the gold standard in the former, it was impossible to make them face anything else in the latter. In bringing about this change of tone and temper the Indianapolis movement was largely instrumental, and Mr. H. H. Hanna is properly recognized as its head by our leading commercial organization.

We have adverted in former articles to the need of further legislation to complete the work so happily begun, and it is fitting that Mr. Hanna should take the lead in this also, and that he should receive the encouragement of the Chamber of Commerce in so doing. Although all the money issued or coined by the United States is at par with gold, we are still, like France and Germany, on the "limping standard." We have a vast circulation of silver certificates and silver dollars which may be at par with gold or may not, according as circumstances in the business world are propitious or otherwise. Germany has lately taken a step to clear off the haze from her financial horizon by calling in the outstanding thalers which are full legal tender, and turning them into subsidiary coins of limited legal tender —a process which will extend over ten years. At the end of that time, if no misfortune intervenes, she will be on the gold standard as surely and safely as England is. Her banks can now tender silver to their customers when they ask for gold, as the Bank of France can and does occasionally. When this last measure is carried into effect the only full legal-tender money in Germany will be gold, or Government notes redeemable in gold.

Our own situation cannot be mended in that way, because the silver currency is too large in amount to be utilized in the form of subsidiary coin. It is, or will be, when all the Treasury bullion is coined, nearly $600,000,000. This "fiat silver" ought to be protected just as surely as the Government's fiat paper is protected—that is, by redeemability in gold. The law of March 14, 1900, commands the Secretary of the Treasury to keep the silver dollars at par with gold, but does not give him the means to execute the command. Secretary Gage thinks that there is an indirect and roundabout method by which gold could be obtained and applied to this purpose in case of need, but another Secretary might not construe the law in the same way. It may be argued with considerable force, also, in opposition to Secretary Gage, that since Congress rejected a clause which provided for direct redeemability of the silver dollar, it could not have intended to provide for this indirectly. However that may be, there is a doubt still threatening a large part of our currency, quite needlessly, too, since the country is rich enough to make the necessary provision for every contingency, and since a single line of amendment to the present law would accomplish the end in view. A very few words which were embraced in the bill that passed the House, but were subsequently dropped by the Conference Committee, would remove every doubt, would take us off the limping standard, and make the gold standard as secure in our statutes as it is in those of England.

If the thought flits through the mind of any Republican politician that it will be possible to snatch another victory by controversies over the standard of value, it should be dismissed at once. The Democratic party cannot make the same blunder a third time. Time will pass its sponge over that political issue before people begin to think of 1904, or even of the control of Congress two years hence. The end which should be aimed at now is to put the standard of value quite out of sight as a subject of dispute, so that people shall not think of it hereafter any more than they think of the air they breathe. A Washington dispatch says that the President will insert in his coming message a recommendation that the Gold Standard Act of March 14, 1900, be amended in such a manner as to cure any shortcomings that may exist in it. The particular defect to be cured is that we have just pointed out.

MARK TWAIN, AMERICAN CITIZEN.

Since the return of Mr. Clemens to his native land, he has been giving his countrymen some very valuable instruction in civics. Bettering the university extension lecturer in that kind, he has supplemented precept by example. His action in publicly resisting a small overcharge by a cabman, and securing suspension of the offender's license, was a lesson in public duty which Americans need to take to heart above all men. "Grumble, but pay; pay and avoid a row; submit and keep out of the newspapers"—these are the maxims upon which the lords of all creation act when confronted with cheating tradesmen, extortionate hackmen, thieving officials. Mark Twain has shown us a more excellent way, greatly to find quarrel in a straw when private honor or public decency is at stake. He really struck at the root of our chief city abuses. If citizens of New York had pluck enough to fight Croker and Platt instead of submitting to blackmail, we should be much nearer getting rid of our pair of bosses.

All this has been pretty generally commented upon in the newspapers; but what they have not directed attention to is Mark Twain's bold utterance as respects the larger matters of our national policy. No sooner had he landed than he pricked with his wit the bubble of Imperialism. An old-fashioned American, he did not conceal his disgust for the tawdry and borrowed robes in which his country had suddenly taken to flaunting. His testimony was the more valuable on this point, in that he was one of the Americans who have been living abroad during the transition of their nation from swaddling bands to purple mantle and crown, and who are reported to be delighted beyond words at the new and true grandeur of the United States. But Mr. Clemens, with his fatal eye for folly and humbug, has seen the thing as the vulgar hypocrisy it is. He had enjoyed the European perspective, but he had not lost his American keenness of vision; and he was not afraid to say what he saw. He even refused to fall down and worship Roosevelt—actually made fun of that solemn man!

A dear old lady in New England was lamenting, the other day, the departure of her country from the traditions in which she had been reared. This seizure of the Philippines, this sending troops to the other side of the world to burn and slaughter—"it all seems very strange to me," she said plaintively; but then added piously, "Well, I suppose the Lord wants us to do good in that way now." Mr. Twain, however, suspects that the devil had more to do with it. As a matter of fact, it is always Satan who takes man or nation up into a high mountain to promise all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them on the simple and easy condition of devil-worship.

Mr. Clemens has also spoken brave and true words about the duty of this country to China. Using his privilege

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of humorous exaggeration—*quamquam ridentem dicere verum*—he has expressed his sympathy with the Boxers, and his hope that they will succeed in driving out the foreigners who are invading their land. "In America I am a Boxer," he said, "and why should I not be if I lived in China?" There is really no answer to this. No American, at any rate, can advocate aggression and conquest without at once renouncing the principles on which his country was built. Mark Twain, for his part, will not be caught "kneelin' with the rest." His Americanism is too deeply bred in the bone, has been too long and consistently maintained by him in all quarters of the globe, to be flung aside now as if it were an old coat. Mark Twain, American citizen, remains what he was, a homely and vigorous republican, let who will trick themselves out in the gauds and paste jewels of Imperialism.

There is the more reason to be grateful to him for what he has said about all these matters with so much courage and so much point, in the very fact that he is a man of letters. Ordinarily literary men are as timid as hares in all public concerns. Huxley spoke of the immense risk which a writer ran in taking an unpopular position, and thought it greater than that of a man of science. Any one can see how natural it is for those whose trade is writing to join with those who flatter a people to the top of its bent. Popular support being the vital breath of literature as at present conducted, a literary man is always to be looked for at the shrine of the God of Things as They Are. He has to find the poetry and the rhetoric in praise of a nation's action when it is bitten by the military mad dog, just as college presidents and bishops have to find the moral and religious justifications for it. The reason is the same in all cases—the people hold the purse-strings, and will not loosen them to buy books, endow chairs, or build cathedrals unless solicited thereto by *personæ gratæ*. Like M. Jourdain, the public has its discernment in its purse; has poor taste, but pays well; and the man of letters, who "has to live," knows where his suit must be paid. But Mr. Clemens has asserted an honorable distinction for himself in refusing to join the writers who pet and humor the crowd. He has, rather, taken advantage of his assured position to speak words of truth and soberness to his fellow-countrymen, placing the obligations of the citizen above the amiabilities of the man of letters. This puts him as much morally above the mob of literary time-servers as his writings place him artistically.

THE ARMY MUDDLE.

If the Administration really intends to pursue the policy of subjugating the Filipinos, it has not a moment to lose in raising the necessary forces. The election is over, and with it has gone any possible excuse for keeping up the wretched fiction as to the pacifying effect of Mr. McKinley's retention in office. Gen. MacArthur confesses, and the progress of events has shown, the hollowness of that preëlection pretence. There is not a single report from Manila to indicate that the need for every man of the 70,000 now in the field has diminished. If Congress does not act promptly, the 35,000 volunteers in the islands must be brought home, in compliance with law, long before their reliefs can take their places. Moreover, if 100,000 men are voted by January 1, the physical difficulties of raising new regular regiments and enlarging the old ones, and of transporting them to the Philippines, render it not at all probable that a proper reorganization can be effected within the six months allotted.

The situation demands of Mr. McKinley and the Republican leaders prompt agreement upon some plan of action. With the opening of Congress only five days away, we face the astonishing fact that there is no consensus even as to the exact size of the proposed standing army. Senator Hanna says that the bill "will call for from 55,000 to 75,000 men." Gen. Miles, who is almost as devoted to his ratio of one soldier to every thousand inhabitants as Bryan to 16 to 1, is certain that 76,000 or possibly 85,000 men will suffice; while his rival, Gen. Corbin, declares plumply for 106,000 men. Representative Hull, Chairman of the House Military Committee, is reported to favor a permanent organization of 50,000 men, to be increased in the discretion of the President to 100,000 men if necessary. Senator Elkins favors an extension of the present law for two years. Secretary Root, it is understood, will make up his mind when he has finished killing ducks and alligators in Cuba. The *Army and Navy Journal* is out boldly for considerably more than 100,000 men, perhaps 150,000. In view of the fact that some of the regular regiments now in the Philippines are pretty well exhausted by nearly two and one-half years of tropical service, and that in any event large relief forces must be provided, we believe that the *Journal* has come nearer to the true needs of the McKinley policy than any of the other authorities. It certainly has taken issue squarely with Senator Hanna, who declared on November 10, "I think it will not be necessary to spend much more money or send many more men to the islands. Now that Bryan has been buried, the insurrection is likely to evapo rate."

In this diversity of opinion is apparent the same vacillation in army matters which has marked the handling of the military situation for the last two years. Take the case of the existing volunteer regiments alone. Authorized in March, 1899, the Administration, willingly misled by Gen. Otis, was unable to recognize their necessity until July of that year, with the result that the last regiment did not reach Manila until February, 1900. During the recent campaign the public was informed that the withdrawal of these same volunteers was to begin on November 1. The next date set was November 15; December 1 next suited the War Department, which then changed its mind in favor of January 1. Now Gen. Corbin simply affirms in his latest utterance that it is the intention of the War Department to bring all the volunteers home and discharge them before July 1, no exacter date being given. There is little comfort in this for the relatives of the soldiers concerned, and still less if they remember that the first volunteers in the Philippines, the regiments of Western States, were kept there months after they were entitled to muster-out.

How Gen. Corbin proposes to get the volunteers back in time, and how he intends to replace them, if authorized, the public is not informed. Is it to be by shipping to the firing line men so unfamiliar with their rifles as to be unable to load and sight properly, as was done before, according to Gen. Wheeler? In the face of a strong enemy this would simply be to court disaster. Lord Wolseley declared that the English militia army corps assembled at Aldershot as a reserve force was not fit for active service after six months' drill, although many of the men were by no means novices in arms. Is the United States to send more undrilled and undisciplined troops to swell the sick list in the Philippines? This was done a year ago, it is true, but even this task is by no means so easy now. The volunteer regiments were organized by drawing nearly all the officers and all the men from civil life. To recruit only five new regular infantry regiments means that five lieutenant-colonels, ten majors, thirty-five captains, 105 first lieutenants, and 175 second lieutenants now scattered about in the United States, Cuba, Alaska, Porto Rico, China, and the Philippines, must be collected, examined, and promoted, and given the work of organization in this country. No one not familiar with present conditions in the army can estimate the seriousness of this undertaking and its paralyzing effect upon the regiments in the field, already half stripped of officers for various causes, let alone the effect of the disorganization certain to result from a similar increase in the cavalry and artillery branches.

From the way the matter is discussed one might think that the new army would spring from the ground on the

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passage of the law for its creation. Recruiting, clothing, arming, drilling, disciplining, officering, transporting—all these questions are ignored as if they were but the task of a day. It would by no means be surprising if Senator Elkins's compromise should prove to be the only practical measure. Whatever action Congress finally takes, it should in any case refuse to adopt the plan of fixing a minimum, and giving the President the right to call out more men until a maximum figure is reached. It has no shadow of right to abdicate its Constitutional duty to "raise and support armies," still less to evade the responsibility by shifting it on the President, which means on the men who stand behind him. We do not believe that the people, as a whole, favor a large standing army, but whether they do or not, their approval will best be won by straightforward and open methods and not by misleading subterfuges. Everybody knows, too, that the true way to get out of this army difficulty is the path of honor as well. A declaration to the Filipinos similar to our Congressional promise to the Cubans would solve every problem, and enable the United States army to return to its peace footing at once.

THE CASE OF THE ICE COMPANY.

The public has heard with languid interest that the American Ice Company has obtained a decision in its favor from the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. Calm observers never anticipated very important results from the half-political, half-journalistic litigation which was begun last May. Nevertheless, the present decision must be regarded as the most important episode in this litigation, and it throws light on the future of the anti-monopoly agitation. It is now more than a dozen years since the anti-monopoly issue became politically available. In 1886 Gov. Pattison of Pennsylvania announced that he had discovered the existence of a corrupt agreement between the companies engaged in carrying anthracite coal, and that he had determined to exert the whole power of the State to break it up. This he proceeded to do by beginning a suit against the coal companies, the foundation for which was laid by calling the officers of these companies as witnesses. As we pointed out at the time, that must be a weak case for the plaintiff in which he relies on the defendant for his evidence, and this particular prosecution—Gov. Pattison having meanwhile failed of re-election—collapsed ignominiously.

The New York Anti-Monopoly Statute, under which the proceedings against the American Ice Company have been brought, was framed in accordance with the theory which proved impracticable in Pennsylvania. So far as making monopolies illegal is concerned, there is nothing new in this statute. They have been illegal at common law from time immemorial, and those who establish them have been punishable. The only important feature of the statute consisted in the attempt to establish the existence of criminal conspiracies by the testimony of the individual conspirators. The maxim *Nemo seipsum prodere teneatur* stood in the way of this purpose, but it was considered that it might be evaded. By providing that a particular person might be compelled to testify to his participation in a criminal conspiracy, on condition that his testimony should not be used against him, the framers of the statute thought that they could secure the conviction of the other conspirators. Prosecuting attorneys have often obtained the testimony of accomplices in order to secure the punishment of the chief offenders in a crime, but this is perhaps the first attempt in our modern jurisprudence to obtain such testimony by compulsory process. The estimate which lawyers put on such devices is indicated by the decision now rendered.

It is true that the decision apparently relates chiefly to questions of practice, the particular issue being whether appeals lay from certain orders. Justice Kellogg, however, took occasion to use the following language:

> "Liberal construction of the feature of this law which authorizes an ex-parte inquisition into the affairs of this private corporation, or into the private affairs of an individual, does not authorize or justify the granting of an order to aid the doing of this for the purpose of gratifying public curiosity, or the furnishing of food for scandal, or for affecting the stock market, or for furnishing aid to a criminal prosecution. If the order is to be granted at all, it must be in cases only where the necessity is apparent from what is disclosed in the petition or application."

It was conceded by this Justice that the existence of a monopoly was established, that it was created by a criminal agreement, and that the substantial provisions of the law were wholesome. But, he observed, the agreement had been consummated, and it was too late to enjoin it. The Court could not be permitted to fix the price at which ice should be sold, nor could it confiscate the property of the ice company and distribute it. The petitioner claimed that an action should be brought to annul the certificate of the Ice Company. But the statute provides no such penalty. It would follow that the testimony of witnesses and the inspection of books were not necessary for the prosecution of such an action as the statute authorized. These expressions of opinion certainly indicate that the proceeding against the Ice Company is not likely to be aided by any strained decisions.

As to the main point, the disposition made of it is not without a humorous aspect. It seems that there has been an excess of zeal on the part of the foes of monopoly, and that in the multitude of statutes there has been folly. Congress has acted in the matter, and made penal the acts which the New York statute has also condemned. Now the New York statute exempts the witness from prosecution by the authorities of New York, but it does not, nor could it, protect him against the United States laws, or those of the other States of the Union. If the contract of the Ice Company is obnoxious to our statute, Justice Kellogg says:

> "It comes equally within the condemnation of the Federal statute. If the contract be vicious, the parties thereto are criminally liable, both under our State law and under the Federal law. To require these witnesses to swear to any facts which would establish the making of the contract alleged in the petition, or connect them with its making or execution, would, therefore, be an infringement upon the rights assured to them by the Constitution. The sole basis of the proposed action of the Attorney-General is the alleged illegality of the contract; the fact of its illegality is the sole fact to be proven in the action. The witness sought to be examined is the President of the corporation, presumptively a party to the making, and engaged with the corporation and in its behalf in executing the contract claimed to be criminal. I can conceive of no possible inquiry material to the controversy which would not call for an answer which would tend to convict the witness of a crime under the Federal statute."

Probably this farcical prosecution will not be carried before the Court of Appeals, but should it reach that tribunal there is little reason to suppose that Justice Kellogg's point will not be sustained.

NEW PLAYS IN LONDON.

LONDON, November, 1900.

A literary correspondence, with vague, politely veiled hints of plagiarism, held over one new play; an old scandal revived by the authorship of a second; the first appearance of a young poet as successful dramatist on a popular stage, have made the autumn theatrical season in London unusually brisk, if not noisy. The supply of personal paragraphs, dear to the public, especially to the Sunday-paper-reading public, has been enormously increased. I have rarely seen the theatres so crowded. The critics have been flattering themselves on the intellectual advance of the drama. Altogether, there seems, for the moment, a brilliant interlude in the prevailing despondency over modern dramatic conditions.

I confess I do my theatre-going spasmodically. I am not a professional critic, and do not have to sit out every play produced, good, bad, or indifferent. But my interest in the theatre is genuine, and my hope of finding this interest rewarded curiously youthful, so that all the recent eloquent talk of "advance," and "intellect," and "powerful work" sent me to see for myself just in what the great progress consisted. Conscientiously, I have made the rounds of the principal theatres. And what have I found? I put out of count the various farces, the musical comedies and extravaganzas, the undisguised melodrama, the revivals of a past success like "Patience," or of a classical drama like "The School for Scandal." These things we have always with us in London. I am now sim-

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ply considering the several new plays of more or less literary as well as dramatic pretension. These are, first of all, the poetic tragedy "Herod," by Mr. Stephen Phillips, and the four social tragedies or "problem plays," as the critics, in memory of Ibsen, are pleased to call them. Two are by literary men, with whom the drama has hitherto been a secondary medium of expression: "The Wedding Guest," by Mr. Barrie, and "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," by Mr. Frank Harris, who, rumor says—and I have not the positive knowledge to deny or confirm it—is but partly responsible as author. And two are by men whose entire work has been for the stage—"A Debt of Honour," by Mr. Sydney Grundy, and "Mrs. Dane's Defence," by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones.

"Herod," of course, stands on a plane apart from the others. It is in verse; it has to do not with social problems, but with great primitive passions; it is a stern, heroic tragedy, without a touch of the comedy, or gayety, or humor with which Shakspere was willing to lighten plays like "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet." There is no relief in the action, or in the lines, from first to last. *Herod*, who, to satisfy his large ambitions, sacrifices everything, hesitates not at murder, risks the love of his Queen, *Mariamne*, for whom his passion is less only than his ambitions, finds, at the moment of his supreme triumph, that not the highest honors Cæsar heaps upon him can pay for the loss of that love which was their price. *Aristobulus*, the Queen's brother, the last of the Maccabees, is murdered in the first act, the Queen's death closes the second, and *Herod*, struck with catalepsy in the horror and overwhelming frenzy of his despair, as he stands by the embalmed body of *Mariamne*, is the scene upon which the curtain finally falls. Now, when it is remembered that this unrelieved gloom finds expression in verse, to which we have become unaccustomed on the stage, submitting to Shakspere's only as a matter of duty, it can be understood how daring is Mr. Beerbohm Tree's experiment in bringing out "Herod" at Her Majesty's. He has been complimented on every side for his daring, for his endeavor to "elevate" the drama. No other manager in London, it is said, would have ventured so far, however common such ventures are in Paris; and the good that must result is shown in the fact that Mr. Alexander is preparing definitely for the production next season of "Paolo and Francesca," by the same author, which he had in MS. long before Mr. Tree accepted "Herod." All this may be true. But it seems as likely that "Herod" appealed to Mr. Tree for the very same reason that made him see his opportunity in the spectacular melodrama of "The Three Musketeers." "Herod," fine dramatic poem or not, gives him the same chance for the ingenious and picturesque "make-up" which is his strong point as an actor; and also for a somewhat chastened version of the spectacle that owes its popularity to Drury Lane pantomime. The result is the appearance of Mr. Tree looking delightfully like an old Assyrian gentleman from the British Museum sculptures, and a spectacle provided with all the appropriate dances and marches and tableaux. It only remains, did the dramatist's plot allow, for the introduction of real horses (the crowning achievement of "The Three Musketeers" and "King John") to be outdone by the more poignant realism of *Salomé* actually (by the aid of the conjurer's mirrors) cutting off the head of John the Baptist before the very eyes of the audience.

But the play? I have not waited to read it. I prefer to judge it entirely as a play. However it may read, on the stage it suffers from weak construction. It drags abominably at times. Some of the characters but succeed in parading the fact that they are not needed; like *Salomé*, who, not permitted that stroke of realism, with her "hows" and "whys" serves only as a superfluous interrogation-point. On the other hand, there are scenes that would doubtless hold and fill you with their power and passion, could you follow them in the book; there are lines you are sure would prove musical and rhythmical in print. But on the stage the passion rings hollow, the power is gone, the music is lost in the mouths of the performers. Miss Maud Jeffries, the *Mariamne*, brings with her disturbing reminiscences of "The Sign of the Cross." You may admire Mr. Tree's stage business; you may give him credit for the pains he has taken; but there is not one real thrill from beginning to end, not one instant when you are carried out of yourself, not one when you forget the players. The misfortune is that the drama depends upon the human puppets who are its interpreters. It is not plays that are wanting in England, but men and women who have been trained as actors, who know how to use their voices to enunciate, to recite; who have mastered the elementary rules of the art of acting. Mr. Phillips is to be congratulated. His tragedy, with all its drawbacks, is a notable achievement, but I cannot see that Mr. Tree's staging of it is any more promising for the future of the English theatre than his production of "Trilby" or "Rip Van Winkle."

With the four other plays, we are in a very different atmosphere. In the jargon of to-day, each brings us face to face with a social problem—or is supposed to. In three it is the question of the lover's or husband's purity that is at fault and leads to disaster; in the fourth it is the woman's; and the question is threshed out in every-day prose. One of the "little ironies" of the stage is that Ibsen, who is seldom accepted himself, has made this sort of problem and the philosophical discussion of it, in such contrast to the headlong passion of old-fashioned plays like the "Dame aux Camélias," popular in the English theatre. There is no use to enter into detail as to the four separate plots. The motive is virtually the same, but the treatment varies, and it is the treatment that counts.

In Mr. Barrie's "Wedding Guest," at the Garrick, many of his admirers have seen him, like a giant, grappling with the gravest problems of sex. But, for the life of me, I can see in it nothing but Mr. Barrie grappling successfully with the emotions of the pit and gallery. It is played by an average caste—Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Brandon Thomas, Miss Dorothea Baird, Mr. Brandon Vanbrugh—with no actor-manager or manageress to overshadow the rest. But it is as chockfull of tawdry sentiment as it can hold. The revelation of the husband's sin—with him a sin of the past—comes the day after the wedding, but could never have come at all if a perfectly impossible incident were not accepted at the outset, namely, the presence of the cast-off mistress at the wedding. Mr. Barrie dares not trust to the dramatic interest of the situation, as Ibsen would have done; he must drag in a dummy baby, whose bathos sets pit and stalls to sniffling; he must give the poor mistress the benefit of a quite unnecessary mad scene; he must retard the action throughout with touches of weak comedy and broad farce; he must captivate the audience with the well-tried jests they love. In the end he can devise no more suggestive solution than to send the bride to ask counsel of her father, and then, at a word from an aunt—who had given up her lover for a similar cause before marriage and lived unhappy ever since—to order the carriage "home" for her husband and herself, and thus leave the problem just where it was at the end of the second act, *Nora's* banging of the front door was more effective, both dramatically and morally.

At the St. James's, in Mr. Grundy's play, "A Debt of Honor," the revelation also comes after marriage, though not till a longer interval has passed. Here the situation is saved by a decent tribute to "society"; husband and wife will keep up appearances before the world—a highly sensible conclusion; and their wisdom is proved by a wholly inconsequent and irritating epilogue, which leaves them, at the last, clasped in each other's arms. But, at the St. James's, problems and solutions cannot be taken very much to heart. The old "cup-and-saucer" play," the old "clockwork play," Mr. Alexander, as actor-manager, has replaced with what might be called the "cigar-and-evening-dress play." The main thing is for the actor to show that he knows how to appear at home in a dress coat, that he can manage his after-dinner cup of coffee with commendable ease, and that he can smoke as if to the manner born. But I do not think a more subtle method could save a play which, for all the discovery in it of an ethical purpose, is as machine-made, and not half so well put together, as one of Sardou's. Nor has Mr. Alexander's popularity and the fact that this is the drama about which floated rumors and accusations of plagiarism, been able to secure for it a long run. Its last nights are announced just as Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, in the suburbs, are producing the play by Mrs. Clifford to which it is said to bear such a curious resemblance.

At Wyndham's Theatre, by way of change, the unpleasant past falls to the woman. Though the construction is more ingenious than in "A Debt of Honor," you still seem to hear the machinery creak. You are conscious that the love affair, to which you cannot be anything but indifferent, that the virtuously active indignation of Mrs. Dane's neighbors, which is absolutely unconvincing, are merely the cruder aids by which Mr. Jones works up to the one great situation—for, like Mr. Pinero's "Gay Lord Quex," it is a play of one scene—the conviction of the woman's guilt just as she has been proved innocent. As for the problem, there is none, though there is plenty of the moralizing now in vogue to convince you to the contrary. But you have, in this case, what the other theatres are so chary of giving—a little good acting. Mr. Wyndham is one of the very few actors on the English stage, and if he is absurdly wasted in the part, he does something more than wear his evening clothes with distinction, something more than strut about in an irreproachable

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"make-up." Miss Lena Ashwell, who bears the burden of the past, has genuine emotion at her command, and, between them, they make the most of their one opportunity, the one relief to four long acts of skilful commonplace. Fortunately, the English audience is faithful to its traditions, and, having for years known Mr. Wyndham in comedy or farce, it now roars conscientiously whenever he opens his mouth, except when the tragedy is too obvious to be missed by the dullest, so that "Mrs. Dane's Defence" is perhaps the most conspicuous success of a very successful season.

The fourth of these plays, "Mr. and Mrs. Daventry," presented at the Royalty by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is no better than the rest; from a strictly technical standpoint, it is rather worse. The whole of the first act could be cut and the action lose nothing. Comic servants are lugged in for no reason whatever, apparently, but to emphasize the cynicism of the author and his estimate of his own work. Epigrams are sprinkled so thickly through all the conversation that you are tempted to believe in the reports as to the real authorship. Old, well-worn conventions and situations are revived, even to an incriminating screen in the second act. And yet, while you cannot but wonder if the author is not laughing in his sleeve all the time, and trying to see how far he can impose on his audience, while the only good acting is in parts where it is least needed—that is, in the scenes with the objectionable comic servants—the play is amusing, which the three others are not. It entertains. It makes you laugh. Its cynicism is too frank to become tragic for a moment; and if its characters are never more than puppets, certainly the things they say and do have the savor of reality. The husband's sin here is an episode of the immediate present, and drives the wife into her lover's arms. But when the lover, careful of her honor, seeks to dissuade her, it is not with the cheap cant that would pass itself off as ethical truth, but with the common-sense reminder of the unpleasant social position to which such a step would lead. When the husband offers to take her back, his argument is that people will forget all about it, or, if they don't, they will crowd to her house anyway, if only she feeds them well; he knows them, and they always do—as true as it is a brutal reflection on much of English society. Sordid, you will say, and so it is, revoltingly sordid. But it has the grace of honesty. It makes no pretence of being what it is not. And, to me, it seems far more wholesome than the veneer of morality with which the dramatic author nowadays feels bound to cover his neat little comedy or melodrama, that it may be applauded by the critics as the "problem" play which, for the present, is most in favor with them.

But it would be unfair to suggest that the dramatists alone are responsible for the hopeless mediocrity of the English theatre. The poorest play interpreted with intelligence—I say nothing of genius—may become interesting and amusing, even delightful. In the English theatre, however, intelligence among actors and actresses is at a discount, and the finest play runs the risk of ruin. This is why I, personally, do not expect much from the Stage Society, which has succeeded the Independent Theatre, and other crusades in the cause of dramatic art. Plays there are. The last performance of this society had on its playbill names as distinguished as Thomas Hardy, Robert Louis Stevenson, and William Ernest Henley. But the grim tragedy of Mr. Hardy's "Three Wayfarers" flickered and went out in the feeble attempt of the hard-working, well-meaning company got together for the occasion; all the light gayety and much of the fantastic swagger of "Macaire"—"a melodramatic farce," Henley and Stevenson describe it—disappeared. I have seen a finer, a more sympathetic *Macaire* in Martinetti, a pantomimist of true genius, who, however, restricts himself to the music hall. The beauty and wit of the lines were occasionally felt across the footlights, but the spirit of the farce had gone—the spirit that makes such stately fooling in Stevenson's 'New Arabian Nights,' that fills the world with romance in Henley's poems. I could have wished its first performance in any theatre could have been postponed until there were actors in England to do it justice. When that day comes, however, I doubt if many of the present generation will be here to see it.

N. N.

THE WIFE OF LOUIS XV.—II.

PARIS, November 8, 1900.

The *Gazette de France* (No. 37 of 1725) has left us copious details of the ceremony of the marriage of Louis XV., which took place in the chapel at Fontainebleau. The Queen had a crown of diamonds; her waist was covered with diamonds; her mantle was of purple velvet with embroidered lilies; it was very long, and was carried by the Duchess de Bourbon, the Princesses of Conti and Charolais. The Cardinal de Rohan, who celebrated the marriage, wrote the next day to the happy father: "I have just seen the King and Queen. I can assure your Majesty that the King is already very fond of the Queen." The affection which Louis XV. really felt and showed for his wife turned the tide of the Court; those who had criticised the marriage most bitterly had to change their language. Songs were made and sung in the streets in honor of the young Queen, in whom

". . . la sagesse
S'offre avec toute la finesse
Des Grâces qui suivent Cypris."

Madame de Prie made herself the shadow of the Queen. "The Queen," says Barbier, "is not free to speak or to write; the Marchioness enters her room at any moment to see what she is about, and has the talent to amuse the Queen by her wit and to please her by her hypocritical ingenuity."

The castle of Chambord was selected for the residence of King Stanislas; he found it "an agreeable solitude," but complained that everything there was excessively dear. Several of his followers fell ill, and he himself contracted a fever. Louis XV. then offered him the castle of Ménars, which has magnificent terraces on the Loire. Stanislas was in constant communication with his daughter, but he did not learn from her how short her honeymoon was. M. Gauthier-Villars's work ends with the quarrel between M. le Duc and Cardinal Fleury, the preceptor of the King, with the exile of M. le Duc, and with the birth of a Dauphin, which filled the court with joy, as Marie Leszczynska had first had four girls, in rapid succession. The Dauphin was born on the 4th of September, 1729.

The time was coming when the virtuous Queen, who had become a mother for the fifth time, was to be completely neglected by Louis XV. The first mistress of the King was a lady of the Queen's household, Madame de Mailly. Long would be the list of those who in turn were distinguished by the King, who surrounded himself with the most profligate men and women of the Court—Madame de Toulouse, Mademoiselle de Nesle, who was the sister of Madame de Mailly. "This tall woman," says Michelet, "just out of the convent, full of gayety, enlivened the dulness of Versailles with her playfulness, her wit, which spared nobody. She astonished the King by laughing at him. He could not live without her. He had her at his suppers with her sister at the *petits cabinets*. Mademoiselle de Nesle had influence enough to turn Louis XV. in favor of Frederick of Prussia against Maria Theresa. She was the scandal of the Court, took the side of the Protestant alliance, was the declared enemy of Austria. She died almost suddenly of a fever, and it was thought by many that she had been poisoned. The Queen had no political influence—her father constantly warned her against the danger of interfering with politics; but the fact could not be concealed that she was in favor of Maria Theresa and the Austrian alliance.

After Mademoiselle de Nesle, came the reign of a new favorite, Mademoiselle Poisson, of low origin, who became famous under the name of Madame de Pompadour. She belongs to history, as her influence was boundless for a time. The Pompadour was accepted by the Queen, but never by the King's sisters; Marie Leszczynska had become resigned to the infidelity of her husband. The Pompadour was a real prime minister. She was very intelligent, a correspondent of Voltaire, and a patron of art and literature. She amused the King with theatrical representations; but the life she led in order to distract him was so fatiguing that her health gave way. The King's mode of living had become deplorable. Madame de Pompadour was obliged to shut her eyes on his actions; she could not hinder him from having nocturnal orgies with a few chosen friends. We will throw a veil over the legend of the "Parc aux Cerfs" at Versailles, and return to Marie Leszczynska.

Much more interesting than M. Gauthier-Villars's volume on the marriage is an article which recently appeared on the correspondence of Marie Leszczynska with her father Stanislas, of which M. Pierre Boyé is preparing the complete publication. It is now preserved in the national archives. The mutual affection of the father and daughter is quite touching. Stanislas had obtained from the great Powers the life sovereignty of Lorraine and of Barrois. Practically he did not exercise this sovereignty, and, by a secret treaty signed at Meudon, he abandoned the administration of the duchies to France. He lived from 1737 to 1766 in complete idleness, adorning perpetually his numerous houses, trying to imitate Marly and Versailles, entertaining many foreigners, chiefly Poles, opening his little court to the philosophers, the writers. In the midst of his feasts, he never forgot his daughter Marie. He was proud of her; her portrait was in all his châteaux, as well as the portrait of the Dauphin, his grandson. "Do you know," he writes to her, "of what I am never tired? When I feel out of sorts, I place myself before your beautiful portrait,

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which you gave me, and then I think only of this dear object. I converse with it, and it seems to me that you hear all that I say to this dear portrait." She did hear it all, for her father was to her what she was to him. She remembered, in all the pomp of Versailles, the days at Wissembourg; she remembered what her father had been to her; he was a favorite subject in her conversation with the group who formed her intimate circle, President Hénault, Madame de Villars, Nangis, Moncrif, the Duchess de Luynes. She liked to work for him, to send him little presents; every year she sent him an embroidered cushion for his feet. She watched the arrival of every gentleman coming from Lorraine, and was never weary of asking questions about Stanislas, whom she always called "good Papa"; she hardly ever said "the King, my father." In their correspondence father and daughter constantly used Polish terms of affection, such as were used when she was still a child. The Queen, as M. Pierre Boyé says, was really "bourgeoise dans l'âme," the most simple, unaffected creature, entering into the most minute details about her children's petty maladies. Stanislas, on his side, was a real grandfather, and would know all about his grandchildren.

Stanislas went every year regularly to Versailles towards the end of the summer, and this journey and his stay at Versailles near his daughter was the great event of the year. He travelled by short stages, receiving here and there the hospitality of gentlemen who were happy to do honor to the father of the Queen. On the road from Paris to Versailles he was escorted by the Guards, and he was received at Versailles by some prince of the blood, by the Dauphin and the Dauphiness. He was lodged in 1740 in the five rooms of the Grand Trianon which are now called the "petits appartements." Later the Trianon was taken by Madame de Pompadour, and Stanislas had rooms at the Château of Versailles, near his daughter. He could not well be ignorant how much the King neglected his daughter, but Louis XV. was to him a double personage. While deploring the conduct of his son-in-law, he continued to render an almost enthusiastic homage to the King of France (and we can see at Nancy the proofs of this fervent admiration). There was, touching the King, a sort of conspiracy of silence between the father and the daughter. Stanislas remained generally a fortnight, sometimes a month with her. As soon as he returned to his duchy, he wrote incessantly to her, always in terms of admiration and of the deepest affection. She answered him with regularity; they conversed at a distance on all subjects, sometimes on the most trifling topics, often on spiritual matters, as they were both very devout. Stanislas, as a true Pole, was an ardent Catholic; he was very light in his conduct, but it did not interfere with his Slav religiosity. He had his favorite saints, Stanislas of Cracow, John Nepomuk. He built a church for Notre-Dame de Bon-Secours, and remained for hours praying for his beloved daughter before the statue of the Virgin.

At Versailles the Queen spent much time with the Récollets; sometimes she went as often as three times a day to the Carmelites, when she was at Compiègne, her favorite residence. On the death of King Augustus, Stanislas hoped for a moment to return as King to Poland. His daughter did not really desire it, and she was quite satisfied when Poniatowski was elected at the Camp of Wola in 1764. Stanislas was extremely strong and enjoyed good health; still, the Queen, when he left Versailles, feared every year that she might never see him again. In 1765 he was eighty-eight years old, and almost blind. He was on the point of leaving Lunéville to go to see his daughter; he went as far as Commercy, but the doctors would not allow him to continue his journey. The Queen resolved to go herself to Lorraine; she left Compiègne on the 17th of August, and went to Commercy, where she was received with great honor. She greatly enjoyed staying with her old father, and visited with him all the places which he had delighted in adorning. She wrote to her friend President Hénault: "I can hardly, my dear President, find a moment to say a word to you. Papa is very well, thank God. I am enchanted to be with him. He is more amiable than ever. Commercy is delightful." The separation took place on the 10th of September, and was very affecting. In the month of December the Queen had a great misfortune. The Dauphin, her son, who was a model of all the virtues, died at the age of thirty-six, after a painful operation. Stanislas was very much grieved and shocked at this news. He had become very feeble, and one day, while he was before the fireplace, his clothes took fire; he fell, and was injured in several places. He tried as much as he could to conceal from his daughter the gravity of the case, but he slowly declined, and died on the 23d of January, 1766.

The preface which M. Pierre Boyé has prepared for the forthcoming correspondence of Stanislas and his daughter is far superior to M. Gauthier-Villars's volume. The correspondence itself will be an important historical document; it will be also a psychological document, as giving an example of the truest and most constant affection between a father and a daughter, both placed in the most exceptional circumstances.

Correspondence.

THE ECONOMIC SURPLUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read with much interest the review of Mr. Hobson's 'Economics of Distribution,' which was published in your issue of November 8. Your reviewer brought out very clearly the general character of the book. I am surprised, however, that he should have overlooked one very important line of thought, especially as it is a line of thought with which he is evidently in sympathy. Your reviewer protests that "the taking of property by taxation is by no means the same thing as taking it for public service." He concedes, however, that, if we had a perfectly wise government, the economic surplus which Mr. Hobson describes might, without injustice and without hindrance to production, be taken for taxation and used for public purposes. Mr. Hobson, however, goes so far in one place as to imply a doubt in his own mind about the expediency under all circumstances of taking the surplus for public purposes by taxation. On page 335 he uses these words:

"A progressive social economy is by no means confined to the difficult, sometimes hazardous, and always wasteful processes of taxation in order to procure for society some of these differential payments which are shown not to be necessary inducements to their recipients to take part in production. More enlightened methods of production, increased equality of economic opportunities, organization of employers or of workers, will often succeed in effecting large reductions of differential rents."

To me, one of the most interesting features of the book is the suggestion of organization, education, and changes in the habits of consumption, as means whereby without taxation the economic surplus may be used for beneficent social purposes.

Yours very truly, Richard T. Ely.

University of Wisconsin, Madison,
November 17, 1900.

SPAIN AFTER THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Nine years ago I visited Spain, when she was celebrating the event which raised her to the rank of a first-rate Power, and made her the wealthiest country in Europe. Last month I gladly seized an excuse for repeating the pleasure. I was curious, moreover, to see whether the outward aspect of the national life, as appreciable to a casual observer, bore evidence of the great change which in the interval had passed over her, and had so vitally affected her status in the world. There does seem to be more shipping in her ports and more activity in her field, but the force of habit in the Spaniard is too strong to be broken even by an unsuccessful war. The general opinion is, that there are signs of a faint determination to retrieve the losses of her colonies by throwing a little more vigor into the utilization of her wonderfully rich and varied domestic resources.

So unaltered, however, have the country, its people, and their ways, been by the last few years' events, that we may dismiss all apprehension of any change taking place, for better or worse, within our own time. Hence the intending traveller may go to Spain to-day or he may delay his trip till a more convenient season, happy in the assurance that the scenery and the people, the description of which may tempt him thither, will still be there in unimpaired attractiveness. There will be no risk of the old gates of Toledo being torn down to admit a trolley car. Go when he will to Spain, he may step out of our busy world, with its whirl and bustle, into the same narrow streets where trod in succession the Celtiberian and Roman, Visigoth and Moor, Jew and militant, relentless Christian. Even the railroad, with its levelling revolutionary influence, has been powerless to break the spell of the past which enthralls Spain, or destroy the courtesy of its people. The railroad conductor does not there order you to "step lively," but gravely and with courteous gesture requests the passengers as señores to "have the goodness to take their seats." This is, of course, the pleasant side of railroad travel in Spain. There is a reverse aspect which is not so attractive, and railroad travel there presents enigmas which it is not easy to solve. That a people who love ease and are so deliberate in their transactions, should be content to run all but three trains a week, on their main lines, at an average speed of ten miles an hour, is consistent and explicable; but that all important through trains, without sleepers and

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with an insufficiency of cars, should start in the evening, must be due to a belief that the railroad is an unmitigated evil, imposed as a substitute for purgatory; and that therefore the more we suffer through its horrible mismanagement in this world, the less we shall have to pay as a penalty for our sins in the next.

War, as I have said, has not broken the spell. Spain has passed through a crisis which should have shaken her political and social system to its foundation, and yet has apparently failed to ruffle the surface of either. From a world-wide colonial power, she has sunk to being an insignificant factor among the geographical and political states of Europe. The truth is that her colonies really yielded her no national strength. The bulk of her people knew Cuba only as the graveyard of their sons, who left home and disappeared into the unknown, never to return. The last, who did return, were landed, with their scanty tropical clothing, to shift for themselves as best they might. Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines were valuable to the civil and military officials, and to a small group of merchants, but the bulk of the people profited nought. Now the greed of the money-making classes has been in part appeased by the wealth of not a few Cubans, who, loyal to the mother country, have returned to spend their money at home. There does not seem to be even a shadow of rancor against the United States. What bitterness survives is vented against Great Britain, and against Britain's Colonial Secretary, for deserting Spain in her hour of need, in order to secure the good will of the Great Republic. Poor Mr. Chamberlain has this sin added to the burden of iniquity he is doomed to carry, that he, a Colonial Secretary, helped to strip Spain of her colonial possessions in a selfish endeavor to gain the support of the United States. Just now Mr. Stead's unpatriotic diatribes and uncomplimentary criticisms of the successful statesman (all the more uncompromising and unfair because he is successful) form a staple and stimulating subject of quotation and criticism by the Spanish press.

The war created only too good a reason for increasing taxation. The readiest means of raising the revenue is by reducing the interest on the national debt, and raising the taxes on the great English and French mining companies, whose profits, in these days of exalted prices, designate them as fit subjects for depletion. Every imaginable mode of diverting their dividends into the national Treasury has been resorted to. The taxation of one of the largest corporations, which, nevertheless, has been able to divide a modest amount among its bond and shareholders, amounts this year to about $800,000. War is an expensive luxury even when successful; but blessed is the country which, when on the losing side, can retrieve its losses out of its neighbor's pockets. The thinly disguised object of the Congreso Hispano-Americano, which is about to meet, is to discuss methods of boycotting Anglo-American goods by encouraging trade between Spain and her revolted colonies. D.

London, November 12, 1900.

Notes.

Mr. Herbert Friedenwald has undertaken, on behalf of the Historical Manuscripts Commission of the American Historical Association, to edit for publication (nominally by that Association, really by the Government) the papers of Chief-Justice Salmon P. Chase. For this purpose he has already the loan of the largest body of Chase papers extant, from the Massachusetts Historical Society. He desires to procure as many Chase letters and papers in private hands as possible, for copying with speedy return; or exact copies in default of the originals being lent. Mr. Friedenwald may be addressed at No. 1300 Locust Street, Philadelphia (Historical Society of Pennsylvania).

Mrs. Freiligrath-Kroeker is engaged on a memoir of her late father, Ferdinand Freiligrath, and desires the loan of any letters of his for copying. Her work will treat especially of the patriot poet's long stay in England, and will embody much unpublished correspondence with English and American friends, Lord Lytton, Lord Houghton, Longfellow, etc. Her address is Cedar Lodge, Honor Oak Road, Forest Hill, London, S. E.

Leslie Stephen's long-awaited 'The English Utilitarians' is set down for publication next month by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

M. F. Mansfield, No. 14 West Twenty-second Street, will shortly publish the first volume of 'Stevensoniana,' a miscellany of fragmentary pieces, portraits, facsimiles, etc.

Besides Sir Lewis Morris's 'Harvest Tide: A Book of Verses,' T. Y. Crowell & Co. will shortly publish Canon Barrett's 'The Jew in London,' 'Religion in Literature and Religion in Life,' by Stopford A. Brooke, and 'The Religious Spirit in the Poets,' by Dr. Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon.

'Stage Lyrics,' announced by R. H. Russell, will consist of excerpts from the comic operas of Harry B. Smith. It will be illustrated by Archie Gunn, Ray Brown, and E. W. Kemble.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, have nearly ready 'The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century,' by Mrs. E. W. Latimer.

The first four volumes of the 'Library of Standard Literature,' which the Putnams publish in coöperation with the Methuens of London, give a favorable impression of the series. In their green cloth covers the books are of modest appearance, but clearly and handsomely printed, and agreeably light in the hand. The editorial handling of the texts varies considerably in plan. The 'Divine Comedy' (the Italian text) appears, for instance, without introduction or notes—save a summary list of various readings—but the name of Mr. Paget Toynbee on the title-page is a sufficient guarantee of the accuracy of the text. In spite of paper imperfectly opaque and the lack of an index, it is the most convenient edition, so far, of English make. 'The Memoirs of Edward Gibbon' and 'The Early Poems of Tennyson,' in the charge, respectively, of Dr. George Birkbeck Hill and of Mr. Churton Collins, are marvels of elaborate editing. The appendix of the 'Gibbon' particularly contains such a mass of entertaining anecdote and illustration of eighteenth-century matters as only Dr. Hill could have afforded. We observe that he disbelieves the consecrated anecdote of Mme. Genlis: "Help Mr. Gibbon up," being the order given by Mme. de Crousaz, when a corpulent habit and gout had made it impossible for the great historian to rise from an unsuccessful proposal of marriage made on bended knee. Mr. G. C. Crump edits 'The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood,' with the restitution of passages omitted in the fourth and all subsequent editions. While the new series is chiefly contrived for the scholarly reader, it will meet the tastes of all who love good literature and good bookmaking.

Thanks to T. Y. Crowell & Co., one may now have a uniform edition of Tolstoi's writings in twelve fairly good-looking volumes, inclusive of 'The Resurrection.' It has been generally supervised by Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who has profited by the occasion to revise his translation of 'Anna Karénina' and rid it of the interpolation of Russian expletives, etc., which had a very irritating effect on the reader, and to restore some omitted parts. Miss Hapgood, too, has revised her three volumes of 'Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth,' 'Sebastopol,' and 'Life.' It would, we think, have been a proper course to print the translator's name on each title-page, but this has not been done. 'My Religion' is here given in a new version direct from the Russian. 'War and Peace' makes three volumes. Scattered up and down is a very interesting series of portraits of Tolstoi at varying ages; and there are some other illustrations. The work must be purchased entire.

Much refreshment can be imparted to a book thirty years old, like James T. Fields's 'Yesterdays with Authors' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by supplying it with illustrations which might well have entered into the original scheme. Portraits naturally predominate, and of these some are rare. The American group of authors is rather outweighed by the British, which goes as far back as Pope. The facsimiles of manuscripts are fresh and possess no little interest. What a strange collocation is this in a letter from Washington Allston, dated Cambridge Port, Mass., April 19, 1844: "I am sorry that I am unable to inform you whether any part of the ghost story you [Mr. Fields] refer to in your letter, was ever in print before it appeared in Coleridge's Table Talk. I related it to C. as I had it from Mr. S. F. B. Morse, now President of the New York National Academy of Design, when he was my pupil in London." Dickens's autographic account (March 19, 1868) of his making "a jug of Punch (in the bedroom pitcher)" at Utica, N. Y., has a familiar sound.

The "Second Book" of the Society of Mayflower Descendants in the State of New York repeats the list, with revision, of passengers by that vessel, the "Compact," the Society's Constitution; and gives the latest list of members in two arrangements—alphabetical and by Mayflower ancestor. Several views of Pilgrim haunts abroad adorn the volume, which is printed and bound with much elegance.

We may note here the speedy appearance of a fourth edition of Dr. Byington's 'The Puritan in England and New England' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.). Its chief distinction from its predecessors is an additional chapter, on Witchcraft in New England.

Mr. Will H. Low appears to be responsible for all the "sundry decorations" of Dodd, Mead & Co.'s edition of "As You Like It." We like least the abundance of rubricated borders and bands which hedge in the text, and most the seven illustrations proper, in Mr. Low's careful and graceful manner and firm draughtsmanship in landscape and

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figures. The book is prettily bound, and its bid for popularity will not be despised.

The tasteful use of red is very well exemplified in the Dent-Dutton edition of Bacon's 'Essays,' being confined to chapter titles and tailpieces and to initial letters. The print is legible and handsome, and the binding in white and gold. There is an introduction by Oliphant Smeaton.

The *Life* Publishing Company has performed a pious service in compiling the monthly political cartoons of the late F. G. Attwood from January, 1887, to November, 1899, inclusive ('Attwood's Pictures: An Artist's History of the Last Ten Years of the 19th Century'). This is a deserved monument to a humorist more akin to Richard Doyle than to any forerunner, and with as much conscience in not making sport of his own convictions. His moral elevation was remarkable, and his résumés of foreign and domestic events were invariably in the interest of purity and justice, and in pursuit of humbug and wrongdoing. Whether he depicts, *à la* Muybridge, John Sherman striving to assume a popular attitude, or Cleveland's Siegfried's funeral march in November, 1888, he holds up a high civic standard. As he proceeds, the small scale in which he excelled and which he could make fairly decorative, seemed to fetter him, and he struck out more boldly, as in "Hanna's patent reversible McKinley" (padlock on lips to all inquiry about gold or silver predilection); effective, surely, but less masterly than the smaller "McKinley [a real interpretation] and the beef scandal." For pure mirthfulness nothing is better than the vignette of Queen Victoria and Uncle Sam facing each other with bandaged heads ("La Grippe"), or "Poor Old Mississippi full again"; and the best of the recurring June Commencement satires is Alma Mater turning out a fresh batch of underdone gingerbread men. Among the larger designs, striking is the lion's head in pain among South African kopjes, "the first act" of the Boer war. Exceptional skill in portraiture enhances the permanent worth of these cartoons as historical evidence.

Not so indispensable for pleasure or instruction is the same firm's 'Fore! *Life's* Book for Golfers,' in which Mr. Gibson, Mr. Lilbert, Mr. Blashfield, and other artists show the society side of the game in ways quite familiar. Love and inexpertness of play are the leading motives for designs which often are connected with the theme of golf only by the legend. Some prose and verse help to fill out this album for a day.

'Mr. Dooley's Philosophy' (R. H. Russell) is now among the recognized sources of amusement and political education in this country, and it is to the credit of Mr. Dunne that he is never vulgar and does not pander to what is low or base in politics. One would like to think his humor as operative for conviction as it is universally enjoyable, but, in this respect, he and Mr. Attwood alike have perhaps done little more than resist the decline in tone for which all our latter-day forces make. Mr. Dooley's themes in the present volume are as varied as the Servant-Girl Problem, the Future of China, the Paris Exposition, the Boer Mission, Alcohol as Food, the American Stage, etc., etc. Mr. Opper furnishes a majority of the illustrations.

When a popular book gives twenty-eight of its 326 pages to a painstaking and double-columned index, the heart of the reviewer rejoices and his gall subsides. Any index covers a multitude of sins, and a good index is above rubies. But there are few sins which need covering in Mr. John Geddie's 'Romantic Edinburgh' (London: Sands & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), and it can be safely commended to all who would renew their memories of how gray mist and east wind, gritty paving-stones and sharp cobbles, can be glorified, or, at least, forgotten, in the presence of history and legend. Mr. Geddie handles his old, unhappy, far-off things and his nearer traditions and gossip skilfully and discreetly. The accumulation of fact—more or less so—on every page is tremendous, but nowhere overwhelming; the book is readable to an eminent degree. It is not a guide for use on the street, but for quiet suggestion and reminiscence before and after. Its details we need not criticise; a kindly proscription protects the local antiquary and, still more, the local cicerone. The only drop of the *amari aliquid* is on the illustrations; all the forty-five are from photographs of the most photographic, and by process-reproduction of the worst.

One happy consequence of the Dreyfus affair was the prompting it gave to M. Salomon Reinach to translate Mr. Henry C. Lea's standard 'History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages.' He began the task, he says, with the author's assent (conditioned on his maintaining our countryman's impartial tone), in June, 1899, and already he produces the first volume (Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Édition). It has the advantage of Mr. Lea's corrections upon the original text, and is remarkable among translations for the intellectual and linguistic ability of the translator. Mr. Lea is certainly fortunate in this. M. Paul Fredericq, too, supplies a brief bibliography of the subject. So M. Reinach's "duty to perform for the French public" in a tragic time has made a good beginning. We remark that the English pagination is regularly indicated in the margin, and 561 pages of the American edition are represented by 631 of the French duodecimo.

In these columns, in March, 1899, we expressed our high appreciation of the remarkable devotion to the cause of local history shown by Dr. Samuel A. Green, Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in his many and excellent publications relating to his native town, Groton, in that State. Of the more than 3,000 octavo pages which he had published on this subject as there noted, 214 were in a volume on 'Groton during the French and Indian Wars.' He has now added a volume of 343 pages, entitled 'Groton during the Revolution.' This volume is mainly occupied with documents such as muster-rolls, commissary's receipts, extracts from town records, etc., but has large additions of historical items gathered from various sources, and an appendix containing notes on the later military history of the town, coming down even to the present year, to note the death, as a soldier in the Philippines, of a Groton-born boy. We can but renew our tribute to Dr. Green's devotion to his town, indefatigable industry, and skill as an editor; all his volumes are thoroughly indexed, and the typography is of the best. This new work is not published, but copies may be obtained of George E. Littlefield, No. 67 Cornhill, Boston.

The 'Manual of Medicine: Vol. I., General Diseases,' edited by Dr. W. H. Allchin (Macmillan), is a good book of its kind. It gives a large amount of information in a small form, and it carries out its aim, "to present such a picture of the several maladies as will conform to the appearances detected at the bedside, and enable the observer rationally to administer such treatment as our art affords." It recognizes the modern theory of infective diseases, and tells much about bacteria which would not have been found, even a few years ago, in such a book. Small as it is, this volume alone is written by no less than twenty-two contributors, all of them Englishmen. It is to a certain degree a misfortune that, for the sake of completeness, like every comprehensive book, it goes over ground (to be sure, very well) which has been gone over by every other systematic work on medicine, so that the part which somebody else has not already said does not make up the bulk of the book. Perhaps authors find that books do not receive sufficient recognition which contain only new matter, referring to older books for truths already recognized. The typography and paper are excellent. No printer's errors have been observed by us. The small size of the book makes it easy to hold and to consult.

A truly meritorious little volume comes to us from Hoepli, Milan, 'Raccolte e Raccoglitori di Autografi in Italia.' The compiler, Carlo Vanbianchi, is himself an autograph collector, and has performed the service of recording (as far as was practicable) the contents of public and private collections in Italy. His work falls into three parts: geographical, by places; the first attempt at a bibliography of collecting; addresses of collectors and dealers. An appendix gives such addresses outside of the peninsula, while one index gathers up the names of the writers mentioned and another the names of places and collectors. The boon to the student, too, is not slight. To adorn the volume and to increase its value, Sig. Vanbianchi has introduced a large number of facsimiles of the autographs of distinguished personages in all walks, with their portraits. Manzoni, Leopardi, Azeglio, Ugo Foscolo, Cesare Cantù, Giusti, occur in the Italian group; the Italian composers are also well represented, along with Carlo Alberto, Victor Emanuel, etc., etc. America cuts a poor figure in the lists; not a single President of the United States is mentioned in the index, but Franklin is there. So is Edward Everett, in a collection with "G. Banneroft" (*sic* for Bancroft), "H. M. Culloc" (Hugh McCullough?). The "James de Witt-Clirton" in the same series, whoever he may be, is indexed under J. But such blemishes are inevitable.

The attention accorded by scholars of late years to the history of Renaissance criticism has done much to explain the rather obscure origins of modern classicism. A thorough study of early Italian criticism has become a necessary propædeutic to the treatment of the later developments of classicism in France, and such a work as Ebner's laborious treatise on the dramatic unities in Italy has tended to confirm in detail—what had been generally known for some time—how much the French and English playwrights and dramatic theorists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were indebted to their Italian predecessors. We are therefore prepared to welcome the recent contributions of Dr. Karl Vossler of Heidelberg to this important field of research. His 'Poetische Theorien in der Italienischen Frührenaissance' (Berlin: Fel-

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ber) is devoted to the period of Dante and Petrarch and to the critical activity of the first humanists, and traces the theory of poetry from a purely theological conception to the oratorical, and finally the rhetorical, conception of Lionardo Bruni and Battista Guarino. The same author's briefer essay, 'Pietro Aretino's Künstlerisches Bekenntnis,' reprinted from the *Neue Heidelberger Jahrbücher*, is a compact and trenchant account of one of the most interesting figures of the sixteenth century, whose eccentric but important work in this particular field has never before been carefully studied. Since the death of Gaspary, Dr. Vossler is among the most industrious and brilliant of the younger German scholars who have devoted themselves to the study of Italian literature, and it is interesting to note that the literary criticism of the Italian Renaissance, the importance of which was first pointed out in America, is at last receiving proper attention in Germany.

To the forthcoming January number of the *American Historical Review* Prof. Edward G. Bourne of Yale contributes an article on "The Legend of Marcus Whitman," in which he performs a critical dissection of that much-trumpeted story.

Mrs. Marion Mulhall, wife of the well-known Irish statistician, writes to us in reference to his article in the July *North American Review* touching the impending census. He opposed as much too large the estimate of 77,500,000 of total population of the United States and took his stand on 76,-200,000—only 95,000 below the official returns.

The Rev. W. C. Winslow gives notice of the distribution of valuable papyri by the Egypt Exploration Fund as follows: To the University of Pennsylvania, 29 papyri; Yale, 16; Columbia, 16; Johns Hopkins, 16; Harvard 16; the Harvard Semitic Museum, 3; Princeton, 13; Hamilton College, 5; Vassar College, 4. This is the initial instalment. These papyri are all numbered and described in the annual volume of the Fund, sent to all subscribers.

—The first part of the great 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ,' which has been in preparation for so many years, will soon be in the hands of subscribers. The 'Thesaurus' is to be published by Teubner, in Leipzig, under the auspices of the academies of Berlin, Göttingen, Leipzig, Munich, and Vienna. The prospectus (a copy of which we have received from Messrs Lemcke & Buechner, New York) indicates that the whole work will be completed in twelve volumes, within fifteen years. Each volume will consist of about 125 quarto sheets, to be issued in parts, of which six or seven will appear annually at the price of about $1.82 apiece. The yearly cost to a subscriber will therefore be in the neighborhood of twelve dollars. Intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to subscribe early, since it is announced that as soon as a volume is completed its price will be raised by 20 per cent. A sample sheet accompanying the prospectus shows that the page will be printed in double columns of 84 lines each, numbered to facilitate reference. The treatment of the word *animosus*, which happens to occur in the sample, is fully analyzed in the prospectus, in order to show the method which will be followed throughout. The nature of the preparations made, and the preliminary work done for this enormous undertaking, are so well known to Latin scholars that we need not speak of them here. It may be enough to say that the sample pages show that expectations will not be disappointed, and that at last we shall have something which will supply the true history of Latin words, their forms, and their usage at the different periods—something which will banish once for all any excuse for that looseness of statement, and that misleading dependence upon one's "general feeling," which have been so often the bane even of the most learned works.

—Only in one particular is there room for regret. It seems certain that, like so many other important reference-books which have issued from the German press, this will prove very trying to American and English readers from its almost complete sacrifice of form to material in the lack of proper typographical devices to help the eye of the consulter. In particular, the "space" is entirely unsatisfactory as a method of distinguishing between the subgroups under each principal paragraph. Without the key provided in the prospectus, nobody would ever imagine, until he had toiled through the whole paragraph ("unleaded," solid, and all in the same size of type except for the small capitals which evade rather than attract the eye), that any such subgroups were intended under *animosus I.* as these which we find explained in the key. A simple perpendicular line, or the usual sign for a section (§), would have taken up no more room than the all but invisible "space," and would have made the subgroup obvious at once. Is it too late for the adoption of some such device in subsequent parts even though much of the first volume is already in type? Surely not; and for this and for one or two easily made changes in the plan subscribers have a right to call. As a whole, however, the mischief is past remedy, and the five great German academies, utterly neglecting to profit by the excellent models in dictionary-printing offered by this country and by England, have made themselves responsible for a work that in its typography is deserving of nothing but reprobation.

—Henning's translation of 'The Thousand and One Nights,' in Reclam's "Universal-Bibliothek," is making rapid progress, and promises, when finished, to be one of the most complete collections of the stories that have been gathered, at one time and another, within the framework of the great Saga-Book. Twenty-two "Doppel-Bändchen" have appeared, seventeen of which are devoted to rendering the 'Nights' proper, according to the second Bulaq edition. The remaining five are *Nachträge*, and have already covered much of the ground in Burton's supplemental volumes. First are given the variant stories from the Breslau text, with the omissions of that of Ins bin Qays and his daughter, and of the two Kings, which is practically a repetition of the framework story. Next, the stories which appear in Galland's translation, but are not in the Bulaq text, Aladdin (there are many Ala-ad-Dins, but only one Aladdin) from Zotenberg's text, Zayn al-Asnam from Miss Groff's, and the rest from Burton's English rendering of a Hindustani rendering of an English rendering of Galland's French rendering of—whatever it may have been. It would have been well if Henning had warned his readers that Galland had had no part in the stories of Zayn al-Asnam and Khudadad, which were slipped in by his publisher without his knowledge. This is worth mention, for Henning is otherwise most scrupulous in stating his sources and their history. The last of the volumes so far published contains the stories translated by Burton from MS. 1723 of the Paris Library, beginning with that of the Sage Hayqar, who has finished his mighty deeds by linking the 'Arabian Nights' to the Apocrypha of the Old Testament, and, if we may trust Prof. Rendel Harris, to the account of the suicide of Judas in the Gospels. These Henning translates from Burton. The purpose of this edition seems to be to exhaust all accessible material that has ever been connected with the 'Nights.' We may, therefore, apparently, look for a rendering of the Wortley-Montagu text through Burton, the Gotha MS. from Weil, the variant stories in the Calcutta edition of the first two hundred Nights, etc. The text is, of course, slightly expurgated, but the stories are not modified. There are very few notes, and the verses are rendered in prose after Lane's fashion. This last element handicaps the translation seriously as literature; but as a combination of completeness, trustworthiness, and cheapness it stands alone. Each of the twenty-two little volumes costs only forty pfennigs.

—M. Rostand's new play of "L'Aiglon" has met with better fortune in translation than "Cyrano." It is true that the entirely modern character of the Napoleonic drama offered fewer difficulties or peculiarities of diction than its forerunner, the vocabulary of which is, in its preciosity, as rigidly confined to a period as that of "Love's Labor's Lost." But, while admitting that Mr. Louis N. Parker's task was relatively light in the matter of deciding on the equivalences of words or phrases, we are glad to note that, in the selection of a translator, the publisher (New York: R. H. Russell) was guided by considerations of fitness and scholarship. Not that the English version, with its often bald and stiff blank verse, conveys in any striking passage the impression of ease and finish which M. Rostand suggests through his rare mastery of the French Alexandrines; a poet alone can properly translate such poetry. Thus, when the young Duke cries out in a rage to his imperial grandfather:

"Car moi, je suis Wagram vivant qui se promène!"

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's magnificence of manner and utterance fairly makes her hearers shudder and gasp at the splendid audacity of the line. Miss Maude Adams has no such opportunity in:

> "No! you can only hate me; for I am
> Wagram personified before your eyes!"

The veritable explanation of this lies in the fact that "L'Aiglon" is, both in theme and in treatment, essentially sensational, oratorical, declamatory—in all these respects perfectly adapted to the manner of the eminent actress for whom it was written; but, for this very reason, we venture to doubt whether any English version could ever become the suitable vehicle for interpreting it to a foreign public.

—'A Century of American Diplomacy,' by John W. Foster (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a brief review of the foreign relations of the United States from 1776 to 1876. In a volume of some 500 pages, Mr. Foster, whose diplomatic experience has been considerable, gives a history of Ameri-

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can diplomacy which will be found useful and generally accurate. An exception must be made in the case of the author's treatment of the Monroe Doctrine, which he insists "declares affirmatively" that "any interoceanic canal across the isthmus of Central America must be free from the control of European Powers." This is the Hayes-Blaine doctrine that any canal across the Isthmus will be "a part of the coast line of the United States"; but as long as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty is not actually abrogated, the doctrine of the exclusive right of the United States in any canal that may be built can hardly be said to be established, and, even assuming that it were, how can it be part of the Monroe Doctrine when the Clayton-Bulwer treaty itself was made in full view of the latter? Whatever opinion may be held on the canal question, it seems to us to confuse matters terribly to suppose that our recent claims are derived from the doctrine promulgated by Monroe in 1823. Mr. Foster's reply to this would be, probably, that the Monroe Doctrine is merely a local application of the right of "self-defence," and that our right to the exclusive use of the canal comes from the same source (p. 477); but this only still further obscures the whole subject. Of course, as long as nobody contradicts us, we can define the Monroe Doctrine to mean what we like. The difficulty will come when some Power quarrels with us over it. Meanwhile, Mr. Foster's chapter about it does not do much to clear up the haze. The book grew out of a series of lectures delivered in the School of Diplomacy of the Columbian University.

—The audience which will be attracted by Frank G. Carpenter's 'South America, Social, Industrial, and Political' (Akron, O.: The Saalfield Publishing Company), will not go without its reward. Mr. Carpenter is an accomplished globe-trotter and an indefatigable note-taker. He has collected a vast amount of information concerning the social customs and industrial efforts of the South Americans. He indulges in little moralizing and less philosophizing, stating what he saw and experienced in blunt English, quite destitute of literary finish and also lacking in systematic arrangement. But one who will peruse the 625 pages of this book will obtain a very correct notion of the ways of living in the Southern Hemisphere. The errors and misconceptions are astonishingly few, considering the author's deficiency in linguistic equipment for such a journey. It is mainly where he writes of things which he has not himself seen that he makes mistakes. It is misleading to say that one can sail up the Amazon almost to Quito, and it is an exposure of ignorance to assert that vast areas of South America remain unexplored. The perpetuation of the old error concerning the feasibility of establishing open navigation from the Orinoco to the Rio Negro is unfortunate. It is time that this impracticable conception of Humboldt, which had a slender basis in the accidental inosculation of these river systems on the elevated plateau where they take their rise, should cease to excite mankind. The author's attempt to present a review of political conditions is not justified in the performance. His ignorance of Latin-American politics is nearly absolute. That these nations possess any sort of ideals, or that the conditions present to view at the moment represent the last term in a series of changes following logically from antecedent circumstances, does not seem to have occurred to him. That a book pretending to discuss politics in part could deal with the chief peoples of South America without once mentioning Bolivar, San Martin, and the other founders of the republics, proves how feebly the author had grasped the problem before him. But the work is interesting as a recital of isolated facts, and the profusion of process illustrations gives almost a panorama of South American life.

—The great volume of literature to which the Dreyfus affair has given birth will soon have been buried, but the Muse of history is now beginning to assert her rights, and to claim the dismal drama as her own. It will be a matter of no slight consequence to the French people how she deals with this extraordinary episode. The recently published twentieth volume of 'Meyer's Konversations-Lexikon' (Supplement for 1899-1900) contains a detailed review of the whole Dreyfus case. It will not be pleasant reading to the dwellers beyond the Vosges, if such there be who would avail themselves of this excellent supplement to all cyclopædias. They will have to swallow "the horrible fate of the innocently condemned Captain," and statements like these: "The report of the police [on the occasion of the trial by the military tribunal of Paris in 1894], favorable to Dreyfus, was suppressed"; Lieut. Picquart, when he "expressed his opinion that Esterhazy and not Dreyfus was the guilty party, was at once, November 16, 1896, relegated to Tunis"; "the General Staff sought at first to stave off an investigation directed against their protégé Esterhazy by giving him warning, and inducing him to address three communications to President Faure, in which he made threats, in case of a suit against him, of foreign complications, especially with the German Emperor"; even a man like Freycinet "spread this nonsense" of a Dreyfus syndicate. In terms like these is the whole melancholy record put forward in the columns of a people's cyclopædia.

PICTURE-BOOKS.

Fifty Masterpieces of Anthony Van Dyck, in Photogravure, Selected from the Pictures Exhibited at Antwerp in 1899. Described and Historically Explained, with a Sketch of the Life of the Artist, by Max Rooses. Edited under the Protection of the Committee of the Exhibition. Translated by Fanny Knowles. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1900.

Representative Painters of the XIXth Century. By Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. d'Anvers). London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1899.

Exposition Universelle, 1900. The Chefs-d'œuvre. By Victor Champier, André Saglio, and William Walton. Philadelphia: George Barrie & Son.

Royal Academy Pictures, 1900; Illustrating the Hundred and Thirty-second Exhibition of the Royal Academy. Being the Royal Academy Supplement of the *Magazine of Art*. Cassell & Co.

National Worthies; Being a Selection from the National Portrait Gallery. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1899.

Fairy Tales and Stories. By Hans Christian Andersen, with Illustrations by Hans Tegner and Introduction by Edmund Gosse. Translated from the Danish by H. L. Brækstad. The Century Co. 1900.

Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English Verse by Edward FitzGerald. With Drawings by Florence Lundborg. New York: William Doxey.

Characters of Romance. By William Nicholson. R. H. Russell. 1900.

Picture-books used to be mainly for children; now they are mainly for grown-ups. Of the eight publications on our list only one makes its appeal, even nominally, to the child, and of that one we are not quite sure. Picture-books are books in which the pictures are, for any reason, more important than the text, and in this list we have them of three kinds—first, the book in which the text is a mere vehicle for or explanation of the picture; second, the book in which a classic text, no matter how important in itself, is republished only because it is newly illustrated; and, last, the book with no text at all, the frank picture-book, which makes no effort to be anything else.

Of the first class M. Max Rooses's 'Van Dyck' is easily the most important, from the superiority of the pictures and the more serious and dignified nature of the text. Though Van Dyck was not a painter of the very first rank, he stands very high in the second, a master of real importance in the history of art; and though these fifty pictures are not all of them among his masterpieces, yet many of them are very fine, and many are the more interesting in that they are comparatively unknown. The photogravure reproductions are generally admirable, and the collection gives as good an idea of the scope and quality of Van Dyck's art as is possible in black and white. M. Rooses is an enthusiast, and sees qualities in his hero that are likely to remain invisible to the rest of the world, even finding religious fervor in the pompous and cold-blooded exercises of Flemish academicism. It is safe to say that, for the most of us, Van Dyck's altarpieces will continue to seem pale reflections of Rubens, and that the painter of elegant and gentlemanly, if not overstrongly characterized, portraits will remain the real Van Dyck. The descriptions and historical notes are useful. The translator has not succeeded in being idiomatic as well as faithful, and the text has an odd air of having been written in English by an educated foreigner. The worst thing about the book is the binding, which is in shocking taste, and so conspicuous as to shout at one from any well-regulated book-shelf.

In the selection of one picture each from a number of painters it is difficult to steer successfully between the trite and the unrepresentative, and the editor of 'Representative Painters of the Nineteenth Century' has not always managed to do so. Most of the pictures here given are hackneyed from constant reproduction, while the few that are not seem hardly to represent adequately their authors, while Turner's "Crossing the Brook" is at once both trite and unrepresentative. The half-tone plates are, generally speaking, better than the half-dozen photogravures, which are, as is so commonly the case, rather black and violent in modelling. The text is perhaps sufficient for its purpose, if something perfunctory.

There have been some really great masters

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in the nineteenth century, and fifty selected pictures must contain much that is fine. When we come to the production of France during ten years, as in the first five parts of the 'Chefs-d'œuvre of the Exposition Universelle,' or to the production of England in one year, as in the 'Royal Academy Pictures,' the average is distinctly lowered. It is quite possible, of course, that these pictures have been badly selected—quite probable that they have been selected for other than purely artistic reasons—but it is curious how the note of art seems lacking. In the 'Chefs-d'œuvre' there is plenty of good drawing, trained ability, clever technique, and, though the technical standard is lower in England, even in the 'Royal Academy' there is much work that is very well done, but one finds little that seems greatly to justify its having been done at all. Great art is always stimulating, for it shows us that such a thing is possible if difficult, but the average of current production is of the depressing kind that sets one wondering whether art is, after all, worth endeavoring for or worth encouraging. If this is all that clever and highly educated men can do, why bother with the thing any more? Almost the only things in the 'Chefs-d'œuvre' that really interest are the experiments in colored sculpture, while in the 'Royal Academy Pictures' there is an almost solitary whiff of style in Sargent's admirable portrait of the Earl of Dalhousie, which revives one's faith in the existence and the desirability of art.

Not art but history is the interest appealed to by the selection of pictures from the National Portrait Gallery, for very few of them should we care about for other reasons than that of our interest in the sitter. The reproduction is only tolerable, and not always that, and the text is a brief biographical dictionary. The binding is unusually sumptuous for a book of the kind, and in excellent taste.

Hans Tegner's illustrations to Andersen's Fairy Tales are distinctly disappointing. To have Andersen illustrated by one of the foremost artists among his own countrymen seems to promise a completeness of sympathy in the illustrator, as well as a wealth of local color; and when it is advertised that the original drawings, after being exhibited in various cities of this country, are to be finally preserved in the Museum of Copenhagen, one expects to find a perfectly adequate interpretation of the Tales, fit for official recognition and like to become a classic. Alas! Tegner is not, any more than many of our own artists, above illustrating a story without reading it. There is some advantage in his nationality for the setting of the scene, and there is some merit, though nothing wonderful, in the drawings as such, but there is also a frequent lack of sympathy. It is well to carry out in the drawings Andersen's fantastic mixture of fairy-land and modern Denmark, but the whole joke of that kingdom of Turkey where "everybody wears dressing-gown and slippers" is lost when the king of that country is represented in ermine and his courtiers in swallow-tails and epaulets, and there is a frequent discrepancy between picture and text which is likely to prove especially distressing to the childish audience to which the book is supposed to be addressed. Children do not like to find that a person described as having a long beard has in reality no beard at all. But, after all, are Andersen's Tales a book for children? We have been surprised in rereading them at their morbidity and sentimentality, at their frequent dwelling on the motives of death and of sexual love. On the whole, we are inclined to suspect that they belong to the category of child-books for grown folk, and certainly we should recommend the careful parent to make discriminating selection of such of these Tales as may profitably be read to the child. The translation seems excellent, in the main, but surely "Daddy Dustman" (Ole Luköie) should be "The Sandman." The dustman and the Sandman are not at all similar in their vocations.

It cannot be said that Florence Lundborg's success justifies her audacity in attempting, after Mr. Vedder, the illustration of Omar. Her drawings are after the manner of Aubrey Beardsley, and, like most such imitations, have all the faults without a tithe of the talent of their original.

Finally, in Mr. Nicholson's 'Characters of Romance' we have a book, if book it can be called, which has no text at all, being a portfolio of loose drawings, sixteen in number, of noted characters of fiction—for the elder Weller and some of the others have little to do with romance. Mr. Nicholson is, as we all know, a very clever artist, but his latest development can hardly be called an advance. These sketches have nothing of the concentration and simplicity of his earlier work, but are wild and scrawling and caricatured, reminding one rather of Rowlandson and Gillray, with an occasional touch of Sir John Gilbert or Gustave Doré. The best of them are not of his best, and the worst are nearly as bad as some of the portraits of American political celebrities which he has recently done for *Harper's Weekly*, and which are his lowest ebb.

MORE FICTION.

Tommy and Grizel. By James M. Barrie. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Soft Side. By Henry James. The Macmillan Co.

Sons of the Morning. By Eden Phillpotts. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Wounds in the Rain. By Stephen Crane. F. A. Stokes Co.

On the Wings of Occasion. By Joel Chandler Harris. Doubleday, Page & Co.

'Sentimental Tommy' made such a name for himself four years ago (it would be unfair to him to say such a good name) that a continuation of his history has been awaited with interest and conjecture. This is a thing to be wondered at—a valid enough proof of Tommy's genius—in a day when any one may be overtaken by notoriety, but when the prize of such lasting fame was never harder to win. The agitating question to be answered in 'Tommy and Grizel' is, whether we shall really meet the personage of the first volume, or be put off with another masquerading under his name. It is happily answered immediately by the interview at 22 Little Owlet Street, Marylebone, between Pym, the wonderful manufacturer of serial fiction, and a "pasty-faced boy, sixteen years old, of an appearance mysteriously plain," who made himself known as "T. Sandys that answered your advertisement," and who perfectly let Pym know that, having engaged an amanuensis, he was obliged; however reluctant, to take the desired article into his lodging, also to find room for "my sister," Elspeth, sitting in the dark, outside, on the wooden bag containing their joint worldly possessions. Here, without doubt, is the boy who had disconcerted the "Society for the Somethink of Juvenile Criminals," by expressing aloud in prayer his opinion of a certain lady patroness; the boy who had only to encounter an obstacle to be instantly sure that he would overcome it, not by outside assistance, but by an uncomprehended force in himself that always responded to emergency, and that intimated its existence to observers by a flash of red light in his eyes.

Mr. Barrie's achievement in the first volume was to make every one feel that he had presented, with astonishing lucidity and credibility, a temperament (poor Tommy had no character) independent of conditions, of conventions, of authority; all but absolutely competent to control its own destiny. In the second volume the self-sufficiency of the temperament is established with a cruelty that urges the sympathetic reader to stand up for Tommy against Mr. Barrie, and to tell him that his interpretation is often most unkind. He seems afraid or ashamed to admit that a man who can conceive the very highest ideals of love, duty, courage, fidelity, truth, and express these ideals in words, so as to make the world weep and wonder, must not be censured too severely if his conduct does not always make for virtue, even if in its practice he fall somewhat below the common standards of common men. Yet to justify Tommy at all, this position should be taken boldly and defended to the last breath. The quality of Tommy's imagination being supremely Celtic, it perpetually created images of moral beauty impossible for any one to attain, most of all impossible for one whose energy was always expending itself in the conception, the thought. And he really tried very hard to be as fine as his thought. As a brother, he was irreproachable; as a friend, steadfast and patient; as a lover, ardent in inconstancy. To aim at perfection and to fall short is really tragic, yet Mr. Barrie treats the situation on the whole lightly, and, by making his hero ridiculous in death, seems maliciously to denude him of any claim to esteem.

If the author ever intended that Grizel should prove a saving grace, that intention was properly abandoned. She is never the stronger of the two. She held Tommy only when she filled a situation—when she coldly disdained, or passionately loved; when she was bereft of her reason, and he saw himself in an attitude of magnificent self-sacrifice, setting his face to a task that appeared beyond mortal achievement. In spite of Mr. Barrie's enthusiastic approval of Grizel, she is frequently not agreeable and sometimes not probable. To believe in her love for Tommy, one must also believe that the passion of love thrives on cold disapproval of its object, and is nourished chiefly by the desire to transform a silk purse into a sow's ear. There are, however, many strenuous women like Grizel who delight in endeavor, caring little for results, and such joy as that Tommy could be counted on to supply for ever. Considering the length she went, his patience with her was quite angelic. Though she thought she could teach him how to write, he only smiled and wrote to

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her taste (consciously execrable), cherishing no resentment.

Though, as a rendering of the artistic temperament, Mr. Barrie's tale seems to us defective on the tragic or deeper side, it also seems, in comparison with former renderings, to stand alone, unrivalled. Unfortunately, the opinions on this point best worth having are not accessible. It would be very interesting to know whether Mürger and Thackeray, hobnobbing over 'Tommy,' would say: "Here is a franker, freer, altogether better thing than we ever did," or only, "Here is our own old trick, done skilfully enough by a clever fellow, after the fashion of his time, which was not the fashion of our time."

One of the most significant incidents narrated in the history of 'Tommy' is his defeat in a literary competition, because he spent all the allotted time looking for one word. To find the word, though too late, gave him an inward joy, comprehensible only to those appointed by nature to the craft of letters. To pursue the word is the born writer's serious and absorbing occupation, and to find it, though nobody cares a straw, the crown of life. No modern writer of English has aspired to the crown so consistently, worked for it so fervently, and, we fear, been permitted to wear it so exclusively for his own gratification, as Mr. Henry James. From devotion to the word, it follows unfortunately, however inevitably, that a writer loses interest in the common aspects of life and in its broad issues. For plots and situations, for downright tragedy and comedy, for the discussion of definite problems, a plain and vigorous vocabulary always at hand is good enough. The insatiable appetite for the word, growing by what it feeds on, demands more and more for its satisfaction stuff so delicate, elusive, subtle that it is all but inexpressible. Mr. James's craving for that sort of stuff has reached a point where even his most loyal followers acknowledge sadly an occasional desire for an interpreter. He knows what he means, of course, and has said it perfectly, but we have not gone so far, we can't follow him; and that consciousness of limitation brings about depression which tempers admiration, and may finally undermine a robust faith. The contents of 'The Soft Side' (why The Soft Side?) are not tales in any accepted sense, neither are they sermons or poems, essays or articles; we give it to the author to find the properly descriptive word. What we get from the volume is a feeling that all the value of the matter is in what the author makes of it, and that, if one is not happily so constituted as to be in sympathy with his performance, the state of mind induced must be either one of hopeless bewilderment or of irritation that consigns the author and his works to the deepest, darkest limbo.

Besides the pursuit of the word, there are other influences, influences beyond his shaping, which have brought Mr. James so thoroughly (magnificently, he would say) to throw the public over. Most of us, the common run, learn very little from living—otherwise the tree of knowledge would more conspicuously bear fruit; but a chosen few are really unconsciously developed by experience. The development runs to extremes; here of seriousness and earnestness, there of a cynical or genial lightness. Life has wafted Mr. James away from storm and stress and seated him among the smiling philosophers, cheerful gentlemen seeing the folly and futility of passion and strife more clearly than either their beauty or their pain, and regarding the multitude (if regarding it at all) with amused and tolerant contempt.

The scope and variety possible to the modern novel appear illimitable in passing from the nervous complexity of 'The Soft Side' to the restful calm with passionate depths of 'Sons of the Morning.' This is for our time a very remarkable book—poetical, thoughtful, sincere, showing from the first a clear conception of the thing to be done, and proceeding with a rather grand movement to accomplishment. The author's former work has been freely compared with Mr. Hardy's, and here the comparison holds good in a similar feeling for nature and a partial, pagan identification of the human spirit with a universal nature spirit. Otherwise, the authors go far apart, Mr. Phillpotts taking the road of faith, hope, and sanity. In construction he follows the old-fashioned drama, allotting the principal parts to the gentry, and providing a secondary plot for their inferiors or servants. The two parts are not very closely interwoven, so it is possible for those who find Devonshire dialect hard reading to skip most of the secondary without losing the thread of the chief interest. This interest is centred in a situation unusual in fiction and perhaps not common in life. Mr. Phillpotts asks boldly whether a woman may not love two men at once, each so much as to exclude marriage with either, and, if not, why not? The woman who finds herself in this attitude (usurping one of the few remaining privileges of the other sex) is not a man's ideal, but a very real woman, with a good head and a good heart, with impulses swift and strong that dispense with reason for action, and with a reason that criticises conduct, but rarely corrects it. The two men who made life a predicament for Honor Endicott are strongly contrasted, and so clearly characterized that there is no difficulty in seeing how happy Honor might have been with either charmer if she could have permanently got rid of the other. At last, indeed, this chance for happiness comes, but with it the ghost of a past that will not be laid while memory holds a place.

Mr. Phillpotts's style in narration and description is somewhat ponderous and labored, but in dialogue his self-consciousness almost entirely disappears. He does not talk for his people; they talk for themselves, each so expressively that an awful doubt about which person is speaking never presents itself. The conversations between Honor and her lovers are as pointed and characteristic as those of George Meredith's people; and even in the discussions of morals and eternal mysteries, both Myles Stapledon and Honor's wise, blind uncle stick each to his own point of view, preserving an individual manner. Mr. Phillpotts also stands well off from his drama, so the reader participates in what is going on as the audience shares in a play; and as critical moments approach, he gets an exciting sense of adding his personal energy, casting in his lot—a sensation which it takes a very good play to stimulate.

It is impossible rigidly to divide fact from fiction in Mr. Crane's 'Wounds in the Rain,' but, roughly speaking, the events narrated are now historical, while the actors are mostly the unknown who get into print only under fictitious names. The manner in which these sketches and memories of the Spanish-American war are written, is that of a clever and vivacious journalist, tempered by afterthought and softened by the desire to give literary effectiveness to descriptions of episodes in which the note of life is distressing or violent or brutal. The volume contains some of the best work that Mr. Crane has left behind him. The street-boy wit for which he was much admired is indeed rarely heard, and his sparkling flippancies are few; nevertheless, a greater gravity when confronting serious affairs and a more mature outlook largely compensate for such losses. During recent years there has been so much war, and so much more talking and writing about war, that peaceful people are tired and the most bellicose should have had enough. It is very good testimony to the merit of Mr. Crane's book to say that it often gives an exhilarating sensation of freshness, novelty, much as if one had come upon it after a protracted and particularly piping time of peace.

Lest the glory of fresh conquest should obliterate the memory of battles long ago, Mr. Harris has, perhaps, deemed the moment opportune to print "Certain Curious Episodes of the Late Civil War." The episodes are not very curious, and not at all incredible. The narration drags over unimportant matters and then leaps, leaving gaps as if Mr. Harris had forgotten the really critical moves in the games of political conspiracy. Capt. McCarthy, the soul of Confederate intrigue, and, during several agitating years, the imposing head waiter of the New York Hotel, appears to have been an interesting and resourceful person, yet, by his gloomy confidence that Providence had decided against the South, rather disqualified for work requiring for success a hearty belief that God was with him. Apart from intrinsic improbability and a stumbling start, "The Kidnapping of President Lincoln" is an excellent tale. The President's remarkable personality is vividly presented, and all the detail adds to the accepted portrait of that "patient, kindly man, with the bright smile and sad eyes, with melancholy at one elbow and mirth at the other."

STEDMAN'S AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY.

An American Anthology, 1787-1899. Selections illustrating the Editor's Critical Review of American Poetry in the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Stedman has completed his quartet of volumes, which, taken together, make certainly a literary landmark for the beginning of the new century. The 'American Anthology' is a hundred pages thicker than the 'Victorian Anthology,' the difference being partly due to the fact that the American volume covers a longer time, although most of the added period yields little harvest. Its arrangement varies in some respects from that of its predecessor, while having some points in common. We still hold to the opinion that there is a slight excess of structural arrangement in each of these books, and that each would have been more agreeable, if not more useful, if made more strictly a *florilegium* and less of an illustrated history. But this is a matter which Mr. Stedman thoroughly considered, and his judgment must be accepted as con-

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trolling, at least in his own book. Another peculiarity, also shared with the 'Victorian Anthology,' is one which we can hardly rank above the grade of a whim, that, namely, of often withholding the date of women's birthdays, presumably on the theory that they prefer this omission. This was mentioned, it will be remembered, in one of his earlier books, namely, his 'American Poets' (p. xv.), but it now extends even to cases where the birthday has already been recorded in other works of reference. Is it not rather below the dignity of history that the candid inquirer should sometimes be able to learn from the 'American Anthology' only that a certain lady was born "about 184—," and then should ascertain without difficulty from 'Who's Who?' that her birthday fell in 1845? In one or two cases a similar omission has been made in respect to the birthdays of men, but this may have been at the author's request, as 'Who's Who?' is in these particular cases equally impenetrable.

Passing now to the distribution of space among authors, to the selection of names, and the particular poems reproduced, we reach points which there is no tribunal to settle; every one will have his own opinion, and the sum total of agreement or difference with the editor will usually determine in the reader's mind his opinion of the book. There are, however, many poems which have so far been accepted in the public mind as truly representative of their authors that they hold their claim on a basis akin to natural selection. It is almost a matter of course that any extracts from Holmes should include his two masterpieces in different directions, "The Chambered Nautilus" and "The Last Leaf." So the fame of Parsons may be said to rest almost wholly upon his poem, "On the Bust of Dante," as does that of Trowbridge on "The Vagabonds," that of Finch on "The Blue and the Gray," and that of Mitchell on "Tacking Ship off Shore." All these are, of course, included by Mr. Stedman, who also follows the same instinct when he begins the selections from his own poems with the beautiful and thoughtful song, "Thou art mine, thou hast given thy word." But when the reader turns with equal confidence to look for Celia Thaxter's "Landlocked," Lucy Larcom's "Hannah Binding Shoes," or Piatt's single fine poem, "The Morning Street," he does not find them. We miss also the rich cadences of Ellsworth's "Tuloom," published originally in *Putnam's Magazine*, and for which his two comparatively prosaic poems, as here given, afford no substitute. Once again, Mr. Stedman compliments (p. xxix) the poetry produced by the Civil War, yet fails to reprint one of its very finest memorials, Aldrich's "Fredericksburg" sonnet. All these omissions are distinctly disappointments.

Still more to be regretted are the instances where not merely is some single poem, already a classic to many readers, omitted, but the omission carries with it into oblivion the name of some especially gifted writer. Thus, in the days of Transcendentalism, there appeared in the *Dial* six lines which at once became practically immortal by their simplicity and depth—the lines, namely, which began,

> "I slept and dreamed that life was beauty.
> I waked and found that life was duty."

The acceptance of Bourdillon's two verses,

> "The night has a thousand eyes
> And the day but one,"

was not more immediate and universal. The author of the *Dial* poem was Mrs. Ellen Sturgis Hooper of Boston, whose early death and the reticence of her children have prevented the publication of her poems as collected, although many of them have been privately printed, and have a higher touch of poetical genius, perhaps, than those of any woman poet chronicled by Mr. Stedman, unless it be Helen Jackson and Emily Dickinson. A similar omission occurs in the case of David Wasson's profound poem, "All's Well," with its fine seventeenth-century flavor. The avoidance of these two suggests that, in spite of Mr. Stedman's inclusion of hymns as poetry (p. xvii), he may share Matthew Arnold's aversion to them. This may account for his failing to include Samuel Johnson's finest hymn, "Father, in Thy mysterious presence kneeling," and also those by Samuel Longfellow, Johnson's friend, and by James Freeman Clarke. Dr. Clarke also wrote a sea poem, "White-capt waves far round the ocean," which should have secured him a place here. A place should also have been given, it strikes us, to that old favorite in the school-books, Edward Everett's "Dirge of Attila," and to Dr. Samuel Gilman's "Fair Harvard," which is thus far the only really poetic American university song. John G. Saxe certainly did in his day something for the gayety of nations, for which he is mentioned in the previous volume, 'Poets of America,' and might well have appeared here. An older reader of the 'Anthology' will sometimes sigh over the disappearance of the Davidson sisters, but for this it is perhaps time.

As we have attributed Mr. Stedman's omission of certain poems in part to a slight disinclination for the didactic, so the solution of some inequalities in the biographical notes may be found by comparing this part of the volume with its predecessors. It is, for obvious reasons, nearly twice as ample in the biographical department as is the 'Victorian Anthology,' and also seems to apply itself in some directions to balance the distribution of fame in 'Poets of America.' It would be difficult to explain, for instance, why Mr. Stoddard should have more space allotted to him in this department than Holmes or Longfellow, and twice as much as Lowell, were it not that each of these authors had a chapter to himself in the earlier book, while Stoddard had not. The same might explain why Hovey should have more space than Holmes. Why more room should be allotted to Bayard Taylor than to any of his contemporaries, save Stoddard and Poe, remains a mystery.

Apart from the difficult question of the distribution of space, we find these biographical notes to be models, although we demur at the expression, borrowed from 'Congressional Memorials,' "received an academic education," for those who have merely studied at a country academy; and we also hesitate at the description of Poe as "the most famous Southern poet" (p. 816), inasmuch as he was born in Boston, and lived for most of his active life in the Middle States. Miss Josephine Peabody does not reside in Boston, but in Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Leland did not translate Heine's 'Pictures of Travels' (p. 806), but of 'Travel.' John Neal can by no means be called "the originator of the woman's-suffrage movement (p. 812), inasmuch as Charles Brockden Brown had published his 'Alcuin: A Dialogue on the Rights of Woman' in 1797, when Neal was but four years old; or the first to establish gymnasiums in America, since Dr. Follen had established one at Harvard College, about 1826, before Neal had returned from England.

Such minor inaccuracies are, however, absolutely inevitable in a work so extended, and the book must simply be pronounced a masterpiece of labor and execution, while Mr. Stedman's preface has that care and comprehensiveness which always marks his critical writing.

Russia and the Russians. By Edmund Noble. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. v, 285.

Mr. Noble's 'Russia and the Russians' attempts too much—the entire history of the nation, physical, mental, and moral, from A to Z, and that in far too small a compass to do justice to any single branch of the subject. In the matter of accuracy, it is a most astonishing performance, on the part of so really competent a writer as Mr. Noble showed himself to be in his previous volume, 'The Russian Revolt' (1885). In his prefatory note he gives a long list of Russian authorities from whom he has drawn his materials, but the text itself would convey the impression that the office-boy had been commissioned to employ his spare moments in a careless compilation from the imperfect translation of Rambaud's 'History of Russia.' If that be not the true explanation, we should venture to remind Mr. Noble of the story told concerning a famous English bishop and a young man who had just taken holy orders. The young man besought the bishop to favor him with a helpful motto or foundation principle of conduct. The bishop replied, "Always verify your authorities." Had the author taken this simple precaution, he would have avoided many amazing errors which very seriously impair whatever value his book might otherwise possess as a handy-reference volume.

On p. 28 he makes Prince Vladimir fling the idols into the Volkhov, and locates the baptism of the Russians on their conversion to Christianity in the same river, which is at Novgorod. The scenes in question took place in the Dnyepr, at Kieff, six hundred miles south of Novgorod, as the crow flies. On p. 43 he speaks of the "Dime Church," using the French word minus its circumflex accent, with ludicrous effect. The Russian title, *Desyatinaya*, or the direct English translation, *tithes*, would have been infinitely preferable. However, this is a trifle in comparison with certain errors which follow. On p. 47, Mr. Noble states that the Tatar dominion was ended by Ivan the Terrible in 1480. What he refers to must be either the battle of Kulikovo, in 1380, under Dmitry Donskoy, which broke the Tartar rule; the "breaking of the Mongol yoke" (1480) by Ivan III., grandfather to Ivan the Terrible; or the capture of Kazan, in 1552, under Ivan the Terrible, who reigned from 1533 to 1584. On p. 65, he makes the first Romanoff Czar, Mikhail Feodorovitch, "a descendant of Ivan the Terrible." He was a nephew of Ivan the Terrible's first wife, cousin to the Czar Feodor Ivanovitch, Ivan's only descendant except Xenia, wife of Boris Godunoff (who died childless), and the Tsesarevitch Dmitry, murdered in early childhood by Godunoff. Again, a little care would have prevented the as-

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sertion on p. 77 (evidently copied literally from Rambaud's mistake), as to the motto of the Order founded by Peter the Great in honor of Catharine I. The motto is: "For Love and Fatherland." No Russian Order owns the motto given ("For Love and Fidelity"); but the Order of St. Andrew, founded by Peter I. in 1698, sixteen years earlier, bears the device: "For Faith and Loyalty" (or Fidelity). Passing over "Prince Anton Braunschweig" instead of "von Braunschweig"—or "of Brunswick," as this is an English book (p. 81)—we come to "Alexander Alexei Gregorovitch Razumovsky" (p. 91). Mr. Noble must be aware that Russians never own more than one baptismal name; and he should have known that the Empress Elizabeth's favorite-husband was named Alexei. Can he have consulted Mr. R. Nisbet Bain's 'The Daughter of Peter the Great,' recently noticed in these columns, in which Razumovsky is carelessly called by several names? On p. 124 he correctly assigns the Alliance of the Three Emperors to the year 1872; but in the next sentence fixes the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-78 "in the following year." On p. 125 he says that the serf was attached to the glebe in 1648. It happened half a century earlier. As the author is a sympathizer with the revolutionary movement, his book not only is strongly colored by his affiliations, but sometimes misleads by such sweeping statements as that on p. 144: "The new Russia of the sixties broke for ever with the . . . national church." That may be true so far as the revolutionary party is concerned, but it is not true, in any other sense, of "new Russia," which has not broken with the national church yet, and shows no signs of so doing. On p. 160 Maxim the Greek, who lived and worked in Russia at the translation of the Church service books from the Greek during the reign of Vasily Ivanovitch (1505-1533), is said to have caused the schism of the Old Believers (practically) by correcting these books in the reign of Alexei Mikhailovitch (1645-1676).

When such gross instances of carelessness abound on well-established historical points, despite the formidable array of Russian works referred to, what reliance can be placed upon statements which are matters of opinion, such as the attitude and wrongs of certain classes? The book is "machine-made," and not in Germany, for export, or it would have been at least more painstakingly accurate. We have had too many impressionist pictures, with hazy outlines, of Russian topics. Their day is past, and a healthy public taste for clearness has come.

Theodore Parker, Preacher and Reformer. By John White Chadwick. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Chadwick is well known as being on the whole the best critic, among the younger generation, in respect to the men and women of the "Transcendental" period. He comprehends their diversities of temperament, recognizes the attributes they held in common, and never confounds Emerson with Parker or Parker with Emerson. The defects of Weiss's biography of the great preacher were long since acknowledged, and Frothingham, with all his hearty comradeship, had yet been opposed to Parker in his own earlier and formative period, so that he had still a little youthful prejudice to overcome. Mr. Chadwick is entirely free from any such drawback. He fully recognizes the extraordinary change in the public mind which has put Parker almost in the position of a conservative instead of a radical. Mr. Chadwick's only limitation, perhaps, is that he is still a clergyman and a Unitarian, and hence gives a rather disproportionate allotment of his pages to Mr. Parker's early controversies with his brethren; these being matters which now interest comparatively few, and yet leave less space than might be desired for the national affairs which will give the most permanent interest to his name. It is sufficient indication of this that the chapter on "Anti-Slavery Word and Work" does not come until after the middle of the book (p. 235).

Apart from this question of proportion, we find no better study of personal character in any recent book, and it is based upon intimate study and ardent appreciation. Mr. Chadwick quotes a young man who said of Parker, "He was the only religious man I ever knew," and goes on to add, not too strongly (p. 219):

"I have read hundreds of biographies, the majority those of religious thinkers and teachers, and I have nowhere encountered in the modern world a man whose religiousness has seemed to me so complete as Theodore Parker's, such a perpetual presence and delight, such an abiding strength and peace, such an abounding inspiration. I do not know of any other who believed so much, whose confidence was so robust, whose optimism was so undaunted."

He also quotes the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Donald, Phillips Brooks's successor, who writes: "I have been a great reader of Parker's writings, including his prayers, which to me, with the exception of one or two blemishes, are wonderful outpourings of a heart in the conscious presence of its Maker" (p. 217). Mr. Chadwick also sums up his whole description in the remarkable phrase used by Novalis of Luther—"He was an absolute man; in him soul and body were not divided."

We find but few points of detail on which to dissent from Mr. Chadwick. We had not supposed that Mr. Parker's pet name for his wife, "Bearsie," had either of the derivations which he suggests for it (p. 59), but that it came from a certain resemblance in her motions to a bear's walk. The name of "Potgeiser" (p. 163) should be Potgieser. It is hardly correct to say (p. 274) that Parker was not convinced that society would be a gainer by women's voting, inasmuch as he was more criticised than any other of their advocates for placing them, in his sermon on the "Public Function of Woman," in too exalted a position. It is doubtful whether he shared the highest honors of the lecturing field with the five leaders mentioned (p. 278), for, although he lectured ninety-eight times in his most active year, the net proceeds were only $1,783.96, an income probably not a quarter part of Gough's, who, moreover, is said to have spoken 386 times in his very first year. We cannot assent to Mr. Chadwick's spelling of the name of Parker's favorite imaginary society, which he certainly pronounced "'ciety" and not "sirty" (p. 295), nor can we agree that there was little of wit or humor in those imaginings, if we include, as we properly may, Parker's infinitely amusing imitations of deceased Unitarian ministers, in rendering their supposed messages from heaven. It would certainly have been possible to identify the lecturer Dr. Solger (p. 358) from the newspapers of the day. Again, when Mr. Chadwick says, "Even Sumner and Phillips, to the Beacon Street manner born, were frozen out of the society of which they were the brightest ornaments" (p. 309), he shows himself too young or too fortunate to appreciate the microscopic lines of social distinction which pervaded the little Boston of those days, and which fatally discriminated the son of the ex-Mayor from one who was only the son of "Sheriff Sumner." But we dwell on these items of criticism only to enhance the merits of a book which exhibits no greater drawbacks.

Paris of To-day. By Richard Whiteing. With pictures by André Castaigne. The Century Co. 4to, pp. 249.

Except for a few passing allusions, Mr. Whiteing has nothing to say of Dreyfus or the Exposition. Museums and monuments he leaves to Baedeker, nor does he dwell upon historic associations except of our own times. There still remains, however, an ample field. Mr. Whiteing writes as a man of the world, telling of the modes of life and thought of a foreign people, and especially intent to make clear their *manière d'envisager les choses*. He passes successively in review the machinery of government, the fashionable world, the sports and pastimes of rich and poor, the panorama of the Boulevard, and, finally, the Paris of letters and the arts. He shows himself a shrewd and sympathetic observer, familiar with the currents of Parisian feeling, appreciative of the best sides of French character, and moderate in criticism. If he occasionally allows himself a bit of quiet irony, it is still of a friendly sort. If he suggests that the all-night restaurants should be closed, the fortifications razed, and the Chamber of Deputies in some way prevented from too frequently upsetting ministries, these are the only changes in the established order that he directly recommends. What previous visitor has ever exercised such self-restraint? But we must remember that Mr. Whiteing has been rather a resident than a visitor.

The book is entertaining throughout. Mr. Whiteing draws many spirited pictures, and enlivens his pages with keen reflections. The reader who knows Paris from a vacation trip will find many of his impressions revived by the chapter on the Boulevard. Still more illuminating are Mr. Whiteing's exposition of the fixity of the bureaucratic machine ("As a piece of clockwork, it is one of the greatest of human inventions"), and his account of the French notion of athletic sport as "mainly social rather than mainly competitive," with rules aiming less at business-like procedure than at beauty and grace. A brief description of the needlessly famous cafés of Montmartre was perhaps inevitable, but Mr. Whiteing is not impressed; he understands the sham too well to be either impressed or scandalized.

The style of the book has sparkle and literary quality, with a felicity in the apt coinage of phrases, as where, lamenting the stiffly formal arrangement of the roadways through the forest of Fontainebleau, the author consoles himself that we cannot see the plan for the trees. Lapses from accuracy are rare, but the French name is Parc Monceau, not Parc *de* Monceau (p. 160), and the "Aoh, yes," popularly supposed to be the password of Englishry, is misprinted "Ach, yes" (p. 194).

Mr. Castaigne's illustrations furnish an

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excellent commentary on the text. His Parisian types are well rendered, and his scenes are full of characteristic life. The art-dealer's window, as seen from the inside, with the figures in the street viewed through the plate-glass of the shop-front, and the realistic night-scene, which shows the crowd before the entrance of a music-hall, are among many striking successes, in which the initiated may enjoy verifying the details.

A History of Greece. Part III. From the Thirty Years' Peace to the Fall of the Thirty at Athens, 445-403 B. C. By Evelyn Abbott. London: Longmans, Green & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1900.

In bringing out the volumes of a history of Greece at long intervals, an author runs the risk of seeing the beginnings of his study grow old and unserviceable before he reaches the end. Part I. of Abbott's History, which extends from the earliest times to the Ionic revolt, published in 1888, already needs thorough revision in view of recent discoveries in archæology as well as in other fields. In Part II., which comes down to the Peace of 445 B. C., the author reaches firmer historical ground, less subject to change under the influence of research; and in the present volume he enjoys the advantage of treating the best-known period of Greek history. With Thucydides for a leading authority, the historian of the Peloponnesian war may feel confident of the main facts. And Mr. Abbott has not lost his opportunity; in this volume he appears so painstaking and scholarly that the reader finds few errors of statement. On p. 11 the author assumes that Pericles suppressed the Delian Synod. Is it not as reasonable to suppose that this institution failed through neglect of the allies to send deputies? Or what is to prove that it did not come to an end before the supremacy of Pericles? Again, on p. 16, the author's assertion that "the Tyrrhenians had been beaten back for a time," implies that they again assailed the Greeks—certainly a mistaken idea.

Such criticisms, however, should weigh little in our general estimate of the work. Throughout the volume there is every appearance of mature, sober judgment, and of a desire to be fair. Often in disputed questions the author judicially presents arguments on both sides, and leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions. But occasionally Mr. Abbott has omitted facts which would tell strongly against the view he seems to favor. For instance, he gives us to understand that, had it not been for the imperialism of Athens, the Ægean cities would have been free (p. 12). Nothing can be more certain, however, than that they would soon have been reconquered by Persia; or, escaping that evil, the masses would everywhere have become slaves of the oligarchs. "Athens was detested by Greece," he says, "for the same reason that Pisistratus was detested by the Athenians." In offering this apt analogy, he should have informed the reader that those Athenians who detested Pisistratus were doubtless a few of the nobles who wished to exercise all the political power themselves. As there is good evidence that most of the Athenians were satisfied with Pisistratus, we have reason to assume that a majority in the allied states welcomed Athenian rule as a protection against oligarchic oppression at home. The common man was not so sensitive on the subject of autonomy as historians have usually imagined. Enough has been said to indicate that, though outwardly fair, Mr. Abbott's treatment of the Athenian Empire is extremely one-sided. The same criticism generally applies to his attitude toward democratic statesmen and institutions. It is not that he is intentionally partial; rather he has not acquired the habit of taking the common people into account.

Mr. Abbott is conservative. Though he introduces some fresh material from inscriptions and from literature, he studiously avoids novelties; we must not look to him for the most recent view of men and institutions. His admiration for the Greeks is strictly limited; he betrays no enthusiasm for Pericles, for the Athenian democracy, or indeed for anything. If we hope he will warm up a little over the Sicilian expedition, we are disappointed. While he quotes some vigorous passages from Thucydides, he himself moves through the great tragedy with unruffled calm. And when he prepares to tell Xenophon's story of the fall of Athens, he first carefully removes from it all traces of tears.

Serenity, if not especially attractive, is no grave fault. In fact, if we accept Mr. Abbott's limited view of politics and society, we shall find his work admirable. Though lacking in spirit, the language is elegant and clear; and the well-proportioned narrative includes nearly everything essential to a good knowledge of the subject treated. Few will wish to read any one of the volumes through, but all students of ancient Greece will find this history an excellent and unusually reliable work of reference.

The Devil and the Vice in the Early English Dramatic Literature before Shakespeare. By L. W. Cushman. Halle: Niemeyer. (Morsbach's *Studien zur Englischen Philologie*, Heft VI.).

Professor Cushman has written a monograph of unusual interest and value. It brings together, in an orderly arrangement, a great amount of detailed information, and it subjects current views to frank and dignified criticism. For a subject that has been so long and so laboriously investigated, the history of the English drama is in a parlous state. In fact, it must be rewritten from the beginning if anything like certainty is to be arrived at. Every student knows how untrustworthy most of the regular "authorities" are. There is hardly any literary sin that they have not committed. Not the least of their offences is their parrot-like repetition of the blunders or the unsupported assertions of their predecessors. Another exasperating fault—now very prevalent in some quarters—is the habit of identifying quite distinct phenomena by virtue of insignificant traits that they happen to possess in common. There is no remedy for these abuses except in the encouragement of exacter methods than those which have hitherto prevailed. A certain amount of pedantry will no doubt accompany these methods, especially at the outset; but the gain will be worth the price. Professor Cushman's treatise is an intelligent attempt to conduct a minute investigation in a regular manner, and to arrive at such results as the evidence may warrant, and no others.

He finds that many writers have confused the devil of the religious plays with the "vice" of the moralities, and have held that from the latter character were developed the fools and villains of the later drama. After sifting the evidence with infinite labor, he arrives at a very different conclusion: "The devil, Vice, clown, fool, and villain are parallel characters of quite independent origin and function." With this categorical statement we cannot entirely agree. It seems to blink a very important principle of literary development—the principle of continuity. It is inconceivable that any influence once operative in a particular department of literature should perish without bequeathing something to the times that follow. Thus, though it is certainly a mistake to maintain that Shakspere's fools owe their actual origin to the "vice" of the moral plays, it is idle to deny that this same "vice" was one of the ancestors of the Feste of Twelfth Night. However, the conclusions that Professor Cushman arrives at are much nearer the truth than the assertions of his predecessors, and no student of our early drama can get along without his book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbey, Henry. Phaëthon, with Three Other Stories in Verse. Kingston: Styles & Kiersted. 75 cents.
Albee, Helen R. Mountain Playmates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Armstrong, Sir Walter. Sir Joshua Reynolds. London: William Heinemann; New York: Scribners. $25.
Beverly Town Documents. (The Publication of the Selden Society.) Vol. xiv. London: Bernard Quaritch.
Bixby, J. T. The Ethics of Evolution. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Bruce, R. I. The Forward Policy and its Results. Longmans, Green & Co.
Childe-Pemberton, William S. The Baroness de Bode. Longmans, Green & Co. 12s. 6d.
Connelley, W. E. John Brown. Topeka: Crane & Co. $1.
Corbett, J. S. The Successors of Drake. Longmans, Green & Co.
De Bazancourt, Baron. Secrets of the Sword. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Dorr, L. S. The Mills of the Gods. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.
Doyle, A. Conan. The Great Boer War. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Fore! Life's Book for Golfers. Life Publishing Co.
Fowler, Ellen T. Cupid's Garden. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Gray, Elisha. Electricity and Magnetism. (Nature's Miracles, Vol. iii.). Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Griffis, W. E. Verbeck of Japan. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Heredia, José-Maria de. The Trophies: Sonnets. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50.
Herford, Oliver. Overheard in a Garden, etc. Scribners. $1.25.
Huxley, Leonard. Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. $5.
Hyde, Solon. A Captive of War. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.
John Drew as Richard Carvel. Souvenir. R. H. Russell.
Jókai, Maurus. The Day of Wrath. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.
Keith, G. S. On Sanitary and Other Matters. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Korschelt, E. and Heider, K. Text-Book of the Embryology of Invertebrates. Vol. iv. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $4.
Lear, Edward. The Pelican Chorus. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.
Lee, Sidney. Shakespeare's Life and Work. New and abridged ed. Macmillan. 80c.
Leroy-Beaulieu, P. The Awakening of the East. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Macleod, Mary. The Book of King Arthur and his Noble Knights. London: Wells Gardner, Darton & Co.
Mahan, A. T. The Problem of Asia and its Effect upon International Policies. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Maher, Michael. Psychology: Empirical and Rational. New ed. Longmans, Green & Co.
Martin, W. A. P. The Siege in Pekin: China against the World. Fleming H. Revell Co.
Mathew, Frank. Love of Comrades. John Lane.
Nicholson, Meredith. The Hoosiers. Macmillan. $1.25.
Pickering, Edgar. The Dogs of War. Frederick Warne & Co. $1.50.
Porter, Alma F. Nigger Baby and Nine Beasts. Ess Ess Pub. Co.
Porter, Charlotte, and Clarke, Helen A. The Complete Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 6 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $4.50.
Riley, James Whitcomb. Home-Folks. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Riverside Biographical Series: (1) More, P. E. Benjamin Franklin; (2) How, Louis. James B. Eads; (3) Brown, W. G. Andrew Jackson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cents.

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Robinson, W. C. British Poets of the Revolution Age. Belfast: Olley & Co.
Rogers, Robert William. A History of Babylonia and Assyria. 2 vols. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye; New York: Eaton & Mains. $5.
Sangster, Margaret E. Winsome Womanhood. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Sellers, J. F. An Elementary Treatise on Qualitative Chemical Analysis. Boston: Ginn & Co. 80 cents.
Shields, C. W. The Scientific Evidences of Religion (The Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1900). Scribners. $1.50.
Shinn, M. W. The Biography of a Baby. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Sime, James. William Herschel and his Work. Scribners. $1.25.
Snyder, W. H., and Palmer, I. O. One Thousand Problems in Physics. Boston: Ginn & Co. 55 cents.
Stitson, J. R. The Human Hair: Its Care and Preservation. The Maple Pub. Co.
St. John, M. Things a Boy Should Know about Electricity. T. M. St. John.
Stratemeyer, Edward. On to Pekin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Sutherland, H. V. Jacinta, and Other Verses. Doxey's.
Swete, H. B. An Introduction to the Old Testament in Greek. London: C. J. Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.50.
Temple Classics: (1) The Romance of the Rose; (2) Macaulay's Essays. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 50c. each.
Tennyson, Alfred. The Day Dream. John Lane. 50c.
The Cozy Corner Series: (1) Sleight, C. L. The Water People; (2) Fellows-Johnston, Annie. The Story of Dago; (3) Saunders, Marshall. For his Country. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50 cents each.
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Traill, H. D. England, Egypt, and the Sudan. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5.
Van-Anderson, Helen. The Story of Teddy. The Alliance Pub. Co. 50 cents.
Wallace, A. R. Studies Scientific and Social. 2 vols. Macmillan. $5.
Webster, G. S. The Friendly Year: Chosen and Arranged from the Works of Henry Van Dyke. Scribners. $1.25.
Wells, Carolyn. Idle Idyls. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Wells, D.D. Parlous Times. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
Wells, Helen. King Kindness and the Witch. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 50 cents.
Wendell, Barrett. A Literary History of America. (The Library of Literary History.) Scribners.
Westminster Biographies: (1) Wilson, H. W. Adam Duncan; (2) Banfield, Frank. John Wesley. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75c. each.
Wilkinson, Spenser.. War and Policy. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
Worrall, Walter. The Essayes or Counsels Civill and Morall of Francis Bacon. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

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